

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its one hundred and thirtieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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### Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 306, Order Sons of St. George—Percy Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 13, Knights of Macabees—George A. Peckham, Commander; Charles S. Grant, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WAGON, No. 6704, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Forester; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Bruce Brainerd, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss B. M. Casey, President; Miss B. M. Danahy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

DEKAY LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Harry L. Burdick, Master Workman; Perry B. Dow, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

NATHANIEL LODGE, No. 93, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E. Campbell, Warden; Mrs. O. P. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kittie G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

HYNDSON LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—David Davis, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley, Exalted Ruler; Gorton, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN McLEOD, No. 163—Robert B. Munroe, Chief; Alexander Gillespie, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

## Local Matters.

### Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Thursday evening, when a number of matters of considerable importance were brought up. Mayor Clarke was present and presided at the meeting, after his absence of several weeks in the South.

The regular weekly pay rolls were approved. On recommendation of the chief of police licenses were granted to R. F. B. Dash for an eating house, Simon L. Roen for a skating rink, William Quigley for a pool table. Plumber's licenses were granted to John H. Fitzgerald, John H. Marks and Robert Haire, and a large number of milk licenses were granted.

A resolution was passed to advertise for bids for gas lights for a term of three and five years, one proposition being to supply all incandescent lights, and another to supply lights as at present, part incandescent and part common gas.

There was a talk about the controversy between the city and the Newport Water Works in regard to the alleged overpayment of \$300 a year to the Water Works. It had been understood that the company would institute a suit against the city for the purpose of settling the question, but the case had not yet been placed in court. It was stated that the counsel for the company had said that the reason for the delay was that the city solicitor was so busy, but Mr. Burdick announced that he was ready to go ahead, and it seems probable that the case will soon be started.

There was a communication from the bonding company in regard to one of the city officers, and Mayor Clarke was made a committee to adjust the matter.

The estate-owners who objected at the late public hearing, through their agent and spokesman, Mr. A. O'D. Taylor, to the licensing of the proposed restaurant just over the Bridge at end of First Beach in Middletown were the following: Julius T. Davies, representing real estate in Middletown, \$32,500; Richard J. Ashhurst, \$11,500; Howard O. Graham, \$30,000; Mary B. Bookstaver, \$12,500; John B. Pell, \$4,500; Albert Lewis, \$10,500; Wilder B. Bacon, \$51,500; A. O'D. Taylor, \$10,000; total, \$153,000, of Middletown.

Mrs. John H. Sweet, Sr., entertained her relatives and a few intimate friends at what Tuesday evening in honor of her birthday. The evening was spent most socially. The hostess was the recipient of a number of pretty gifts.

### The Council Meeting.

A meeting of the representative council for the purpose of considering the budget as prepared by the committee of twenty-five was called for Friday evening of this week. It was expected that the session would be a long one, as there was much business to be considered in addition to making the appropriations. Under a recent rule of the board, all business to be transacted must be presented to the city clerk seven days in advance. Under this rule a large amount of business has been presented.

One of the matters that has been of unusual interest to business men of the city is the matter of Thames street pavement. The committee of twenty-five recommended a granite block pavement between Marlboro and Cannon street and property owners along the street were at once brought up in arms. Granite block did not sound promising to them on account of its noise. A representative of a wood paving concern has been here and a petition was circulated and a number of signatures were obtained, asking that the matter be submitted to the people to decide between a granite block and a wooden pavement. But neither one of these has been accepted by property owners as entirely satisfactory and they wanted the people to have a choice of several pavements submitted to them for their approval.

### The Tennis Tournament.

Newport is very much pleased that the National Lawn Tennis tournament will not be taken away from this city. At the close of the tournament last year there was considerable dissatisfaction expressed by some of the players and out of town newspapers informed us that never again would Newport see a tournament. However, at the recent meeting of the association this city was again chosen as the place for the tournament of 1908.

The players have never had any fault to find with the courts or any of the conditions for conducting the matches, as these are universally admitted to be admirable. But the players have felt the lack of suitable accommodations at a moderate price such as could be obtained in many other summer resorts. This defect was overcome through the efforts of Egeron L. Winthrop and R. Livingston Beckman, who made a determined and successful effort to keep the tournament here. They promised special accommodations and care for the players, with a free training table, and plenty of officials to look after the matches.

It is expected there will be a renewed interest in tennis during the coming season and in fact there promises to be a lively season of sports of all kinds in Newport. Some of the younger active men have come to the front and are promising a very lively season from the standpoint of those interested in sports.

### Base Ball.

The stockholders of the Newport Club of the Atlantic Base Ball League held a meeting at the rooms of the Newport County Club on Tuesday evening and perfected their organization by electing officers and transacting other business. Things look very bright for the prospect of a good ball team in Newport during the coming season, and much enthusiasm among the old fans has been aroused. A permanent business office has been engaged on Thames street for a headquarters and it is proposed to get right down to work at once.

At the meeting on Tuesday evening the following officers were elected: President—Benjamin M. Anthony. Vice President—Fred W. Greene. Secretary—W. Douglas Hazard. Treasurer—Duncan McLean. Directors—Herbert W. Smith, Harry Zeidman, Joseph Haire and John Mack.

Fred Lake is actively working in perfecting the organization of the new league in other cities of New England. He intends to have two districts, each containing four cities, one in the northern part of New England and the other in the southern part, so as to make easy and cheap railroad trips. Although there are yet only six cities that are practically certain of being in the league as yet, Mr. Lake expects to have the other two ready in time for the opening of the season.

Mrs. John T. Street, of New Haven, Ct., and Miss Frank Rose, of Philadelphia, daughters of Chaplain and Mrs. Rose, are guests of Miss Camilla Smith on Bull street. This is their first visit to Newport since they left here 16 years ago, at the expiration of their father's service as chaplain at the Training Station.

Mr. Sidney Webster, who has been confined to his home on Harrison avenue by illness, is improving.

Mrs. John P. Simmons of Bristol is visiting her niece, Mrs. Robert Babcock on Broadway.

### Ascending Mount Vesuvius.

An interesting account of climbing the Mount During the Month of February by a Newport Lady.

The following description from a private letter may be interesting to our readers, particularly as it is written by a lady well known in social circles in Newport, who is spending this winter in Italy. She writes thus from Rome:

We have had it pretty cold here all week (8th February). There is ice on all the puddles, and all the hills are white with snow. We went to Naples on Wednesday, and were rewarded by having three gloriously fine days there, though cold. We went up Mount Vesuvius, and I may truly say with our old friend Touchstone, "When I was at home I was in a better place!" The Funicular railway used to go very nearly to the top, but it was partially destroyed in the eruption of 1906, and now one has either to trust to one's own legs or to riding on kicking little wretches of poules, herded by brigand like persons, who certainly are thieves if not worse.

Three of us went on our feet, and one attempted a pony but, after various struggles, slid off quite rapidly and did not attempt to remount. We got up to where hot steam was issuing from various crevices in the mountain side, where you could really not hold your hand with any degree of comfort; and then we ignominiously retraced our footsteps without looking into the crater. Indeed I had no wish at all to do so, and personally did not feel at all disappointed, and the others were reconciled. We were six of a party, three ladies and three gentlemen, and two of the men folk, our young men, did persevere and reached the top. They told us that the last half-hour they had to be hauled by ropes, and plough through hot sand and cluders over a foot deep.

The view of the Bay and Naples from above was too lovely for words, and I cannot describe to you the extraordinarily weird, dreary effect of those acres of lava, with scars of cinder rock filled with a thick, pasty mud, and all a liver-chocolate colour. It truly is the abomination of desolation, and one half expected some of the caves to yawn wide open, and let forth some crawling, creepy monster at every second! Had I been there alone, I believe I should have screamed in five minutes. It leaves an impression of a god-forsaken wilderness on the mind, that I think none of the party will ever forget. The next day we went again to Pompei, and I enjoyed that nearly as much as the first time I visited it.

Mr. Samuel N. Booth died suddenly at Taunton on Saturday of last week. He was well known in this city, where he resided for a number of years. While living in this city he suffered from a severe attack of typhoid fever, which incapacitated him from doing any work, and about three years ago he moved to Taunton where he has since made his home. A widow and three sons survive him, among the number being Mr. Samuel N. Booth, Jr., of this city. Funeral services were held at the residence of his son, Mr. Edwin Booth, in Fall River, on Tuesday and were attended by members of Redwood Lodge, K. of P., of which he was a member. There were also delegates from Ennis Lodge, No. 17, D. of R., present.

There was a narrow escape from a serious accident near the One Mile Corner last week. Mr. J. Lincoln Sherman of Middletown was returning home in his automobile, when a child darted out from behind a street car directly in the path of the automobile. It looked as if there would be a fatality, but Mr. Sherman drove his machine into a tree instead of running over the boy. The youngster was struck but only slightly injured, but Mr. Sherman's two children were thrown from the machine and considerably shaken up and bruised.

William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, entertained its members at a supper at the residence of Mrs. Walter C. Goffe on Saturday last in memory of the birth of Washington. Patriotic colors were in use as decorations, making a very beautiful effect. After the supper there was a little comedy entitled "The Burglar Alarm," in which the parts were taken by Miss Edith M. Tiley, Mrs. J. Alton Barker, Miss Susan W. Swinburne and Miss Ella M. Peckham.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederic P. Blunt (Miss Madeline Ferris) arrived in Newport Monday, where they were guests of Mrs. Blunt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Theophilus Topham on Wesley street. They left Tuesday evening for their future home in Perth Amboy, N. J.

Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbill, who was in New York the past week attending the funeral of Mrs. William P. Burden, has returned to Oakland Farm.

### The Chapman Campaign.

The evangelist campaign under the direction of Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman began in Newport on Thursday when a praise service was held in the United Congregational Church, the preacher being Rev. Mr. Chapman. The campaign will last for eleven days, until Sunday, March 8. The evangelist will have a full corps of active assistants accompanying him, including his brother, Mr. E. G. Chapman, who acts as business manager, a song leader, soloist and accompanist, and Mr. and Mrs. Archer, who are well known as successful workers in the evangelistic field. Wherever Dr. Chapman and his assistants have been engaged they have had marked success and great things are hoped for from their work in this city. They are brought here by the efforts of a union committee from most of the churches and the services will of course be of a non-sectarian character. They have just closed a long series of meetings in Providence, at which the attendance in every case was very large and a great number of converts were made.

There will be meetings in afternoons and evenings during the Newport series. The afternoon meetings will be held at the First Presbyterian Church at 3 o'clock and the evening meetings at the United Congregational Church at 7.30. In addition to these there will probably be meetings at the Opera House on Sunday afternoons.

One of the features of the work of Mr. and Mrs. Archer has generally been personal work in some of the saloons. They have never hesitated to enter a saloon and ask permission to hold a short service there. In few if any cases have they been repulsed either by the proprietor or his customers, but the utmost respect and close attention has been paid to their services.

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman is one of the best known evangelists of the country. He did not start out in his career as a clergyman with the intention of becoming an evangelist, but with the idea of holding a settled pastorate as do most of the members of the cloth. As a pastor he was very successful and was continually called to larger churches until he finally became pastor of the large and wealthy Fourth Presbyterian of New York. He was eminently successful there, but felt the call for evangelistic work, and the Presbyterian board, realizing his great ability for this work, felt that he was the one man best adapted to it. His career since that time has been a continuous record of saving men, women and children, and those who have forgotten the lessons after the enthusiasm has worn off have been very small.

The finding of the naval board which investigated the drowning of Privates Steenerson and McIntosh of the marine guard at the Training Station has been announced from the naval department at Washington. The board believes that the deaths were wholly accidental, and that Steenerson jumped into the water in an effort to save his comrade. The department will in all probability take no further action in the matter.

There were practically two observances of Washington's birthday this year. As the holiday fell on a Saturday many of the retail stores did not wish to close on that day and instead gave their employees a holiday on Monday. The banks and public offices and a few places observed the day on Saturday. There was no street parade this year but the Newport Artillery Company fired its customary salute at noon.

The March session of the Superior Court will come in on Monday next. Jurors have been notified to attend and as there are many cases assigned for trial at this term it is expected that they will be kept busy. It is not expected that there will be a great deal of business for the grand jury to consider as the county has been comparatively free from serious crime for the past three months.

While the temperature in Newport Tuesday morning was only about 18 degrees, in some parts of the State there were reports showing six and eight degrees below. In some parts of Massachusetts and New Hampshire the thermometers registered nearly as cold as at any time during the winter. But the weather in Newport has been very comfortable indeed.

It is announced from Washington that Senator Wetmore has purchased a lot of land, containing 10,000 square feet, on Massachusetts avenue in Washington, and that he will erect thereon a handsome private residence. The land is located in the most aristocratic neighborhood in the city, and the value of property there is very high.

Mrs. Theodore A. Underwood and her son, Mr. Grover C. Underwood, have been spending a week in Providence and Wakefield.

### Recent Deaths.

Mrs. Natica Rives Burden.

Mrs. William P. Burden, one of the best known of the younger set in the Newport summer colony, was accidentally killed by escaping gas at her home in New York Thursday night of last week. She had apparently been reading in bed by the aid of a drop light connected with the gas jet, and when she was ready to sleep instead of turning the gas off at the jet, turned it off at the end of the rubber tube. The tube became detached from the lamp and the gas was permitted to escape, pouring directly into her face and suffocating her. A window was slightly open but did not admit enough fresh air to prevent the fatality.

Mrs. Burden before her marriage was well known here as Natica Rives. She was the daughter of O. H. P. Belmont by his first wife, who, after securing a divorce from Mr. Belmont, married George L. Rives, and her daughter took the name of her step-father. She was one of the most popular members of Newport society. She had been married to Mr. William P. Burden since last April, and since then they had lived in the residence formerly owned by Mr. Burden's father, the late James A. Burden.

Joseph L. Bush.

Mr. Joseph L. Bush was found dead in his room at his home on Ayrault street, last Sunday morning, being a victim of heart disease. He had been a sufferer from this complaint for some time, and at different times had been seized by spells of weakness on the street. His cousin, Miss Elizabeth Lyon, found him unconscious in his room and immediately summoned a physician who pronounced him dead.

Mr. Bush was a well known citizen, his entire life having been spent in Newport. He was born about sixty-seven years ago, the son of the late John T. and Emily Bush. At an early age he entered the employ of his father, who owned a tannery, and after his father's death he continued the business for many years. After closing up the tannery some years ago he devoted his time to the management of his large property interests. He was a widower and left no children.

Funeral services were held from his late residence on Ayrault street Wednesday afternoon, Rev. W. S. Jones, of the Channing Church, officiating, assisted by Rev. Mr. Lyon, of Brookline, Mass., a relative of the deceased. The choir of the Channing Church sang a number of selections.

Robert J. Allan.

Mr. Robert J. Allan died at the Newport Hospital on Monday, after a short illness, from a complication of diseases, having been taken to the hospital on Friday of last week in an unconscious condition, from which he failed to rally. He was well known throughout the city and was a gardener, being in the employ of Dr. H. B. Jacobs. A widow and one brother, Mr. William Allan, survive him.

Funeral services were held at the Belmont Memorial Chapel on Thursday and were attended by a large gathering of relatives and friends, including many gardeners. Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D., rector of Emmanuel Church, officiated. There were many beautiful floral offerings. The interment was in the family plot in the Island Cemetery. The bearers were Messrs. Arthur B. Commerford, Joseph Gibson, William H. Maher and Henry Burgess.

Robert Perry Watson.

Mr. Robert Perry Watson died at his home in Olenshaw, Alleghany County, Pa., Wednesday morning. He was a native of Newport and a son of the late Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Watson of this city, and a brother of the late Dr. W. Argyle Watson and the late Daniel Watson. When a comparatively young man he went to Pittsburg, Pa., engaging in the lumber business and took an active interest in the affairs of that city. For many years he had spent his summers at Jamestown, but last year his failing health forced him to abandon his visit to the Island.

Mrs. Winifred Manning, widow of Patrick Manning, died at her home on Narragansett avenue, after a short illness, on Thursday. She was housekeeper at the old Ocean House, for a number of years and had many friends in all walks of life. She was one of the older members of St. Mary's Church. She is survived by three daughters, Mrs. John Glyn, Mrs. A. B. Manning of this city, and Mrs. M. Duffey of New York and by two sons, Michael Manning of Newport and George Manning of New York.

Word was received here of the death of Howard McAllister Smith, son of Marion McAllister Smith and the late Ella Kingsbury Steadman, at Hackley School, Tarrytown, N. Y., on Wednesday, February 28, in the seventeenth year of his age.

### Bad Newport Dogs.

The people of Middletown and Portsmouth think that practically all the damage to sheep and poultry in those towns is done by Newport dogs, and they don't want to have the city of Newport allowed to reduce its portion of the losses paid. That was what was developed at the hearing before the House committee on judiciary in Providence on Wednesday.

The representative council of this city had instructed City Solicitor and Representative Clark Burdick to attempt to secure an amendment to the State dog law so that Newport will be required to pay less than the 85 per cent. now required for all damages by dogs in the city and two towns on this island. A bill was introduced in the Legislature to that effect, and was referred to the judiciary committee, which held the public hearing. At this hearing Middletown and Portsmouth were well represented, several poultry and sheep raisers taking that opportunity to tell of the misdoings of dogs that were alleged to have come out from Newport to kill sheep and poultry.

Representative Clark Burdick of Newport, sponsor for the bill, said that Newport was willing to do her share toward paying the damages, but that 85 per cent., which the city now pays, was too much.

Senator Stoddard of Portsmouth objected to the bill, claiming that Newport had a great many dogs and that they had epidemic appetites, preferring the flesh and blood of a fine fat Portsmouth or Middletown sheep to almost any other dish.

Representative Henry C. Anthony of Portsmouth said that as a resident of that town and as a taxpayer in Newport he protested against the bill. He said that Newport had 2000 dogs and Portsmouth and Middletown had about 200 each. It was only fair, he maintained, that Newport should have to bear her share of the burden of the loss by dogs.

Benjamin Hall of Portsmouth, the principal sheep keeper on the island, told of losing 80 sheep by dogs in one night. He was in the habit of shooting dogs committing depredations, he said.

William K. Boyd of Portsmouth told of damage done to poultry by dogs, Newport dogs he said.

Senator Brown of Middletown declared that sheep-raising as an industry had been practically eliminated from the island by the depredations of Newport dogs.

Those who favored the bill in behalf of the city of Newport claimed that much damage had been done by a rabid dog that came from Tiverton, and that that town and the city of Fall River were responsible for many of the sheep-killing dogs. This was denied by some of the opponents of the bill, who told of seeing some of the acts of the high bred Newport dogs. Representative Peckham of Middletown related a number of acts of poultry killing by Newport dogs that he knew about. It was stated that Middletown had been compelled to abandon the business of sheep raising on account of the incursions of dogs from Newport.

### Col. Willard Retires.

Colonel J. H. Willard, who has been in command of the local district of the United States Engineer Department, has been placed on the retired list, and Major Harry Taylor has taken over the command of the district temporarily. Major Taylor is in command of the New Haven district and for a short time the duties here will be added to his others until such time as an officer of suitable rank can be found to take the command.

The many friends of Colonel Willard have been working earnestly to have him retained in the local office for a time after passing the retirement age, on account of his special qualifications for filling the position. While the department fully recognized the fact that his place would be a difficult one to fill, yet the power of precedent was so strong that they did not feel willing to break it in this instance. The advocates of extensive improvements to Narragansett Bay and Newport harbor are especially regretful that Colonel Willard has retired, as he has taken a great interest in all matters of improvement for this vicinity.

Ordance Sergeant Thomas H. Lawton of the Newport Artillery Company celebrated the seventy-fourth anniversary of his birth on Monday and received congratulations from his friends throughout the day. He has been a member of the Artillery Company for 48 years.

Aquidneck Chapter, O. E. S., held an enjoyable whist in Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening and despite the inclemency of the weather there was a goodly number present and a very pleasant evening spent.

# THE MYSTERY

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE  
And SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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## CHAPTER VII.

**B**y the following afternoon Dr. Trendon reported his patient as quite recovered.

"Starved for water," proffered the surgeon. "Tissues fairly dried out. Soaked him up. Fed him broth. Put him to sleep. He's all right. Just wakes up to eat. Then off again like a two-year-old. Wonderful constitution."

"The gentleman wants to know if he can come on deck, sir," saluted an orderly.

"Waked up, eh? Come on, Barnett. Help me boost him on deck."

The two officers disappeared to return in a moment arm in arm with Ralph Slade.

Nearly twenty-four hours' rest and skilled treatment had done wonders. He was still a trifle weak and uncertain, was still a little glad to lean on the arms of his companions, but his eye was bright and alert and his hollow cheeks mounted a slight color. With the clothes lent him by Barnett, transformed his appearance and led Captain Parkinson to congratulate himself that he had not obeyed his first impulse to send the castaway forward with the men.

The officers pressed forward.

"My dear sir," said Dr. Trendon, "I hope you've got your patient on his feet again."

"Old man, I'm mighty glad we came along."

The chief of medicine was hearty enough, but the journalist barely paid the courtesy of acknowledgment. His eye swept the horizon eagerly until it rested on the cloud of volcanic smoke blowing up across the setting sun. A sigh of relief escaped him.

"Where are we?" he asked Barnett.

"Spirited since you picked me up. How long ago was that anyway?"

"Yesterday," replied the navigating officer. "We've stood off and on looking for some of our men."

"Then that's the same volcano?"

Barnett laughed softly. "Well, they aren't quite holding a census of volcanoes down in this country. One like that is enough."

But Slade brushed the remark aside. "Heard for it?" he cried excitedly.

"We may be in time! There's a man on that island!"

"A man?" "Another?" "Not Billy Edwards?" "Not some of our boys?"

Slade stared at them bewildered. "Hold on," interposed Dr. Trendon authoritatively. "What's his name?"

He inquired of the journalist.

"Darrow," replied the latter. "Percy Darrow. Do you know him?"

"Who in Kanchakka is Percy Darrow?" demanded Forsythe.

"Why, he's the assistant. It's a long story."

"Of course it's a long story. There's a lot we want to know," interrupted Captain Parkinson. "Quartermaster, head for the volcano yonder. Mr. Slade, we want to know where you came from, and why you left the schooner and who Percy Darrow is. And there's dinner, so we'll adjourn to the messroom and hear what you can tell us. But there's one thing we're all anxious to know—how came you in the dory which we found and left on the Laughing Lass later than two days ago?"

"I haven't set eyes on the Laughing Lass for—well, I don't know how long, but it's five days anyway, perhaps more," replied Slade.

They stared at him incredulously. "Oh, I see," he burst out suddenly. "There were two dories on the schooner. The other one's still there, I suppose. Did you find her on the stern davits?"

"Yes."

"That's it, then. You see, when I left—"

Captain Parkinson's raised hand checked him. "If you will be so good, Mr. Slade, let us have it all at once, after dinner coffee too. Why, gentlemen, I haven't eaten a civilized meal, with all the trimmings, for over two years. Doctor, do you think a little of the best stuff would hurt me? It's a pretty dry yarding."

"One glass," growled the surgeon. "No more."

"Seatch highball, then," voted Slade, "the higher the better."

The steward brought a tall glass with ice, in which the newcomer mixed his drink. Then for quite a minute he sat silent, staring at the table, his fingers aimlessly rubbing into spots of wetness the water lands as they gathered on the outside of his glass. Suddenly he looked up.

"I don't know how to begin," he confessed. "It's so confoundedly improbable. I hardly believe it myself, now that I'm sitting here in human clothes, surrounded by human beings. Old Scribbles and the nigger and Handy Scribbles and the professor and the claret and the—well, they were real enough when I was caught in the mess. But I want you to be not going to believe me, and hang me if I blame you a bit."

"We've been marvels ourselves in the last few days," encouraged Captain Parkinson.

"Fire ahead, man," advised Barnett heartily. "Just begin at the beginning and let it go at that."

Slade slipped at his glass reflectively. "Well," said he at length, "the best way to begin is to show you how I

happened to be mixed up in it at all."

The officers unconsciously relaxed into attitudes of greater ease. Overhead the lamps swayed gently to the swell. The dull throb of the screw pulsated. Stewards clad in white moved noiselessly, filling the glasses, deferentially striking lights for the smokers, clearing away the last dishes of the repast.

"I'm a reporter by choice and a detective by instinct," began Slade, with startling abruptness. "Furthermore, I'm pretty well off. I'm what they call a free lance, for I have no regular desk on any of the journals. I generally turn my stuff in to the Star because they treat me well. In return it is pretty well understood between us that I'm to use my judgment in regard to 'stories' and that they'll stand back of me for expenses. You see, I've been with them quite awhile."

He looked around the circle as though in appeal to the comprehension of his audience. Some of the men nodded. Others slipped from their glasses or drew at their cigars.

"I loaf around here and there in the world, having a good time traveling, visiting, fooling around. Every once in awhile something interests me. The thing is a sort of instinct. I run it down. If it's a good story, I send it in. That's all there is to it." He laughed slightly. "You see, I'm a sort of magazine writer in method, but my stuff is newspaper stuff; also the game suits me. That's why I play it. That's why I'm here. I have to tell you about myself this way so you will understand how I came to be mixed up in this Laughing Lass matter."

"I remember," commented Barnett. "That when you came aboard the North Dakota you had a little trouble making Captain Arnold see it." He turned to the others with a laugh. "He had all kinds of papers of ancient date, but nothing modern—letter from the Star dated five years back, recommendations to everybody on earth except Captain Arnold, certificate of bravery in Apache campaign, bank identifications and all the rest. 'Maybe you're the Star's correspondent and maybe you're not,' said the captain. 'I don't see anything here to prove it.' Slade argued an hour. No go. Remember how you caught him?" he inquired of Slade.

The reporter grinned assent. "After the old man had turned him down good Slade fished down in his war bag and hauled out an old tattered document from an oilskin case. 'Hold on a minute,' said he, 'you old shellback. I've proved to you that I can write and I've proved to you that I have fought, and now here I'll prove to you that I can sail. If writing, fighting and sailing don't all me adequately to report any little disturbances your antiquated washbowl may blunder into I'll go to raising canbages.' With that he presented a master's certificate. 'Where did you get it anyway? I never found out?'"

"Passed as 'fresh water' on the great lakes," replied Slade briefly.

"Well, the spunk and the certificate finished the captain. He was an old square rigger himself in the civil war."

"So much for myself," Slade continued. "As for the Laughing Lass"—

## CHAPTER VIII.

**A** COINCIDENCE got me aboard the Laughing Lass. I'll tell you how it was. One evening late I was just coming out of a dark alley on the Barbary Coast, San Francisco. You know—the water front, where you can hear more tongues than at Port Said, see stranger sights and meet adventure with the joyous certainty of mediaeval times. I'd been down there hunting up a man reported by a wharf rat of my acquaintance to have just returned from a two years' whaling voyage. He'd been "shanghaied" aboard, and as a matter of fact was worth nearly a million dollars. Landed in the city without a cent, could get nobody to believe him nor trust him to the extent of a telegram east. What rat laughed at his yarn, but I believe it was true. Good copy anyway.

Just at the turn of the alley I nearly bumped into two men. On the Barbary Coast you don't pass men in narrow places until you have remembered a little. I pulled up, thanking fortune that they had not seen me. The first words were uttered in a voice I knew well.

"You've heard of Dr. Karl Augustus Schermerhorn. He did some big things and had in mind still bigger. I met him some time before in connection with his telepathy and wireless waves theory. It was picturesque stuff for my purpose, but wasn't it with what the old fellow had really done. He showed me—well, that doesn't matter. The point is, that good, solid, self-reliant, or rather, self-centered, Dr. Schermerhorn was standing at midnight in a dark alley on the Barbary Coast in San Francisco talking to an individual whose facial outline at least was not ornamental."

My curiosity or professional instinct, whichever you please, was all aroused. I flattened myself against the wall.

The first remark I heard. The reply came to me in a shrill falsetto. So grotesque was the effect of this treble from a body so squat and broad and hairy as the schismatic before me that I almost laughed aloud.

"I guess you've made no mistake on that. I'm her master and her owner too."

"Well, I had been told you might rent her," said the doctor.

"Rent her?" chuckled the falsetto. "Well, that—yes, I'll rent her!" he laughed again.

"Dock right," the doctor was plain-

ly at the end of his practical resources.

After waiting a moment for something more definite, the falsetto inquired rather dryly:

"How long? What for? What for? Who are you anyway?"

"I am Dr. Schermerhorn," the latter answered.

"Seen pieces about you in the papers."

"How many men has you in the crew?"

"Me and the mate and the cook and four hands."

"And you could go—soon?"

"Soon as you want—if I go."

"I wish to leave tomorrow."

"If I can get the crew together I might make it. But say, let's not hang out here in this run of darkness. Come over to the grog shop yonder, where we can sit down."

To my relief, for my curiosity was fully aroused—Dr. Schermerhorn's movements are usually productive—this proposal was vetoed.

"No, no!" cried the doctor, with some haste, "this is well! Somebody might overhear."

The huge figure stirred into an attitude of close attention. After a pause the falsetto asked deliberately:

"Where we going?"

"I prefer not to say."

"I'll! How long a cruise?"

"I want to rent your schooner and your crew as long as I please to remain."

"I'll! How long's that likely to be?"

"Maybe a few months; maybe several years."

"I'll! Unknown port; unknown cruise. See here, anything crooked in this?"

"No, no! Not at all! It is simply business of my own."

"Not that I care," commented the other easily, "only risks is worth paying for."

"There shall not be risk."

"Pearls likely?" hazarded the other, without much heed to the assurance.

"Them Jap gunboats is getting pretty hard to dodge of late years. However, I've dodged 'em before."

"Now as to pay—how much is your boat worth?"

I could almost follow the man's thoughts as he pondered how much he dared ask.

"Well, you see, for a proposition like that—don't know where we're going, when we're going to get back, and them gunboats—how would a hundred and twenty-five a month strike you?"

"Double it up. I want you to do us I say, and I will also give your crew double wages. And I want good men who will stay and who will keep the mouth shut."

"Gosh all fishhooks! They'd go to hell with you for that!"

"Now you can get all you want of Adams & Marsh. Tell them it is for me. Provisions for three years anyhow. Be ready to sail tomorrow."

"Tide turns at 8 in the evening."

"I will send some effects in the morning."

The master hesitated.

"That's all right, doctor, but how do I know it's all right? Maybe by morning you'll change your mind."

"That cannot be. My plans are all set."

"It's the usual thing to pay something."

"Ach, but yes. I had forgot. Darrow told me. I will make you a check. Let us go to the table of which you spoke."

They moved away, still talking. I did not dare follow them into the light, for I feared that the doctor would recognize me. I'd have given my eye teeth, though, to have gathered the name of the schooner or that of her master. As it was, I hung around until the two had emerged from the corner saloon. They paused outside, still talking earnestly. I ventured a hasty interview with the barkeeper.

"Did you notice the two men who were sitting at the middle table?" I asked him.

"Sure!" said he, shoving me my glass of beer.

"Know them?" I inquired.

"Never laid eyes on 'em before. Old chap looked like a sort of corn doctor or corner spellbinder. Other was probably one of these longshore abalone men."

"Thanks," I muttered and dodged out again, leaving the beer untouched.

I cursed myself for a blunderer. When I got to the street the two men had disappeared. I should have shadowed the captain to his vessel.

The affair interested me greatly. Apparently Dr. Schermerhorn was about to go on a long voyage. I prided myself on being fairly up to date in regard to the plans of those who interested the public, and the public at that time was vastly interested in Dr. Schermerhorn. I, in common with the rest of the world, had laughed him anchored safely in Philadelphia, immersed in chemical research. Here he bobbed up at the other end of the continent, making shady bargains with obscure shipping capitalists and paying a big premium for absolute secrecy. It looked good.

Accordingly I was out early the next morning. I had not much to go by. Schooners are as plentiful as tadpoles in San Francisco harbor. However, I was sure I could easily recognize that falsetto voice, and I knew where the supplies were to be purchased. Adams & Marsh are a large firm and cautious. I knew better than to make direct inquiries or let appear in the salesroom. But by hanging around the door of the shipping room I soon had track of the large orders to be sent that day. In this manner I had no great difficulty in following a truck to pier 10 nor to identify a consignment to Captain Ezra Selover as probably that of which I was in search.

The mate was in charge of the stowage, so I could not be quite sure. Here, however, was a consignment of about 150 tons burden. I looked her over.

"You're all acquainted with the Laughing Lass and the perfection of her lines. You have not known her under Captain Ezra Selover. She was the cleanest ship I ever saw. Don't know how he accomplished it, with a crew of four and the cook, but he did. The deck looked as though it had been holystoned every morning by a crew of jacks. The stows were whipped and tarred, the mast new sheeked and every foot of running gear coll-

down shipshape and Bristol fashion.

There was a good deal of brass about her. It shone like gold, and I don't believe she owned an inch of paint that wasn't either fresh or new scrubbed.

I gazed for some time at this marvel. It's unusual enough anywhere, but aboard a California hooker it is little short of miraculous. The crew had all turned up apparently, and a swarm of stevedores were hustling every sort of provisions, supplies, stock, spars, lines and canvas down into the hold.

It was a rush job, and that mate was having his hands full. I didn't wonder at his language nor at his looks, both of which were somewhat mussed up. Then almost at my elbow I heard that shrill falsetto squeal and turned just in time to see the captain ascend the after gangplank.

He was probably the most disheveled and untidy man I ever laid my eyes on. His hair and beard were not only long, but tangled and unkempt and grew so far toward each other as barely to expose a strip of dirty brown skin. His shoulders were bowed and enormous. His arms hung like a gorilla's, pulsed turned slightly outward. On his head was jammed a flaccid boating hat that had once been white. Gaping away from his hairy chest was a faded dingy checked cotton shirt that had once been brown and white. His blue trousers were spotted and splashed with dusty stains. He was chewing tobacco. A figure more in contrast to the exquisitely neat vessel it would be hard to imagine.

The captain mounted the gangplank with a steadiness that disproved my first suspicion of his having been on a drunk. He glanced aloft, cast a speculative eye on the stevedores trooping across the waist of the ship and ascended to the quarter deck, where the mate stood leaning over the rail and uttering directed curses from between sweat beaded lips. There the big man roamed aimlessly on what seemed to be a tour of casual inspection. Once he stopped to breathe on the brass binnacle and to rub it bright with the dirtiest red bandanna handkerchief I ever want to see.

His actions amused me. The discrepancy between his personal habits and his particularly in the matter of his surroundings was exceedingly interesting. I have often noticed that such discrepancies seem to indicate exceptional characters. As I watched him his whole frame stiffened. The long gorilla arms contracted, the hairy head sunk forward in the tenseness of a serpent ready to strike. He uttered a shrill falsetto shriek that brought to a standstill every stevedore on the job and sprang forward to seize his mate by the shoulder.

Evidently the grasp hurt. I can believe it might from those huge hands. The man wrenched himself about with an oath of inquiry and pain. I could hear one side of what followed. The captain's high pitched tones carried clearly, but the grumble and growl of the mate were indistinguishable at that distance.

"How far is it to the side of the ship, you found?" shrieked the captain.

Mumble—surprised—for an answer.

"Well, I'll tell you, you swab! It's just two fathom from where you stand. Just two fathom! How long would it take you to walk there? How long? Just about six seconds! There and back! You— I won't bother with all the epithets, although by now I know Captain Selover's vocabulary fairly well. 'And you couldn't take six seconds off to spit over the side! Couldn't walk two fathom! Had to spit on my quarter deck, did you?'"

Rumble from the mate.

"No, by God, you won't call up any of the crew. You'll get a swab and do it yourself! You'll get a hand swab and get down on your knees! I'll teach you to be lazy!"

The mate said something again.

"It don't matter if we ain't under way. That has nothing to do with it. The quarter deck is clean, if the waist ain't, and nobody but a son of a sea lawyer would spit on deck anyhow!" From this Captain Selover went on into a good old fashioned deep sea "cussing out," to the great joy of the stevedores.

The mate stood it pretty well, but there comes a time when further talk is useless even in regard to a most heinous offense. And of course, as you know, the mate could hardly consider himself very seriously at fault. Why, the ship was not yet at sea and in all the clutter of charging. He began to answer back. In a moment it was a quarrel. Abruptly it was a fight. The mate marked Selover beneath the left eye. The captain with beautiful simplicity crashed his antagonist in his gorilla-like squeeze carried him to the side of the vessel and dropped him limp and beaten to the pier. And the mate was a good stout specimen of a seafarer too.

Then the captain rushed below, emerging after an instant with a chest which he flung after his subordinate. It was followed a moment later by a stream of small stuff—mangled with language—projected through an open porthole. This in turn ceased. The captain reappeared with a pall and brush, scrubbed feverishly at the offending spot, mopped it dry with that same old red bandanna handkerchief, glared about him and abruptly became as serene and placid as a moon calm. He took up the direction of the stevedores. It was all most astounding.

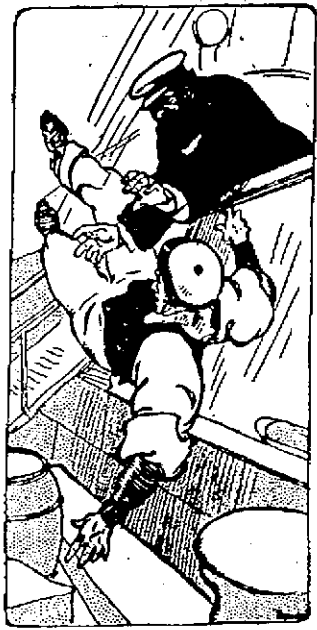
Nobody paid any attention to the mate. He looked toward the ship once or twice, thought better of it and began to pick up his effects, muttering savagely. In a moment or so he threw his chest aboard an outgoing truck and departed.

It was now nearly noon and I was just in the way of going for something to eat when I caught sight of another dray laden with boxes and crates affairs which I recognized as scientific apparatus. It was followed in quick succession by three others. Ignorant as I was of the requirements of a scientist, my common sense told me this could be no exploding outfit. I revised my first intention of going to the club and bought a sandwich or two at the corner coffee house. I don't know why, but even then the affair seemed like with mystery, with the portent of

tragedy. Perhaps the smell of tar was in my nostrils and the sea called.

It has always possessed for me an extraordinary allurements.

A little after 2 o'clock a cab drove to the after gangplank and stopped. From it alighted a young man of whom I shall later have occasion to tell you more, followed by Dr. Schermerhorn. The young man carried only a light leather "serviette," such as students use abroad, while the doctor fairly staggered under the weight of a



Dropped him limp and beaten to the pier.

square brass bound chest without handles. The singularity of this unequal division of labor struck me at once.

It struck also one of the deck men, who ran forward, eager for a tip.

"Kin I carry th' box for you, boss?" he asked, at the same time reaching for it.

The doctor's thin figure seemed fairly to shrink at the idea.

"No, no!" he cried. "It is not for you to carry!"

He hastened up the gangplank, clutching the chest close. At the top Captain Selover met him.

"Hello, doctor," he squeaked. "Here in good time. We're busy, you see. Let me carry your chest for you."

"No, no!" Dr. Schermerhorn fairly glared.

"It's almighty heavy," insisted the captain. "Let me give you a hand."

"You must not touch!" emphatically ordered the scientist. "Where is the cabin?"

He disappeared down the companionway clasping his precious load. The young man remained on deck to superintend the stowing of the scientific goods and the personal baggage.

All this time I had been thinking busily. I remembered distinctly one other instance when Dr. Schermerhorn had disappeared. He came back inscrutably, but within a week his results on aerial photography were public property. I told myself that in the present instance his lavish use of money, the elaborate nature of his preparations, the evident secrecy of the expedition as evidenced by the fact that he had negotiated for the vessel only the day before setting sail, the importance of personal supervision as proved by the fact that he—noticeably impractical in practical matters and notoriously disliking anything to do with business—had conducted the affair himself instead of delegating it—why, gentlemen, don't you see that all this was more than enough to wake me up, body and soul? Suddenly I came to a definite resolution. Captain Selover had descended to the pier. I approached him.

"You need a mate," said I.

He looked me over.

"Perhaps," he admitted. "Where's your man?"

"Right here," said I.

His eyes widened a little. Otherwise he showed no sign of surprise. I cursed my clothes.

Fortunately I had my master's certificate with me—I'd passed fresh water on the great lakes—I always carry that sort of document on the chance that it may come handy. It changed to have a couple of naval endorsements, results of the late war.

"Look here," I said before I gave it to him. "You don't believe in me. My clothes are too good. That's all right. They're all I have that are good. I'm broke. I came down here wondering whether I'd better throw myself in the drink."

"You look like a dude," he squeaked. "Where did you ever ship?"

I handed him my certificate. The endorsements from Admiral Keays and Captain Arnold impressed him. He stared at me again, and a gleam of cunning crept into his eyes.

"Nothing crooked about this?" he breathed softly.

I had the key to this side of his character. You remember I had overheard the night before his statement of his moral scruples. I said nothing, but looked knowing.

"What was it?" he murmured. "Thin desertion or something worse?"

I remained inscrutable.

"Well," he conceded, "I do need a mate, and a naval man—even if he is wantin' to get out of sight."

"He won't spit on your decks anyway," I broke in boldly.

Captain Selover's hairy face bristled about the mouth. "This I subsequently discovered was symptom of a grin. 'You saw that, eh?' he trebled. 'Aren't you afraid he'll bring down the police and delay your sailing?' I asked."

He grinned again, with a cunning twinkle in his eye.

"You needn't worry. There ain't goin' to be any police. He had his advance money, and he won't risk it by tryin' to come back."

We came to an agreement. I professed surprise at the wages. The captain guardedly explained that the expedition was secret.

"What's our port?" I asked, to test him.

"Our papers are made out for Honolulu," he replied.

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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"After what I have taken and done it is no wonder I am glad of an opportunity to recommend what cured me to my friends."

I suffered intense agony from gravel for nearly fifteen years.

For five and six weeks at a time I could not work, the pain was so great. My kidneys and bladder were in horrible shape. My back ached so I could not sleep. I had no appetite at all.

I tried about every doctor in Syracuse but they failed to help me.

I used nearly all the advertised medicines without any benefit.

This was my discouraging condition when I began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I used only four bottles and I consider myself cured. I have no backache at all, no pain in passing urine, my appetite is splendid. It helped me from the start and I gained twenty pounds in weight.

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Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is a vegetable help to the stomach and bowels. It overcomes and permanently cures dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness and rheumatism. It is absolutely harmless and purely vegetable. It contains no narcotics or minerals in any form, no dangerous stimulants, no mercury or poisons, and is the only kidney medicine that does not constipate.

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## THE MYSTERY

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

"The argument to sign articles."

"By the way," said I, "I wish you wouldn't make them out in my own name. 'Eagen' will do."

"All right," he laughed, "I shall Eagen it is."

"I'll be aboard at 6," said I. "I've got to make some arrangements."

"Wish you could help with the last—"

"Yes," said he. "Still I can get along. Want any advance money?"

"No," I replied. "Then I remembered that I was supposed to be broke."

"Yes," I amended.

He gave me \$10.

"I guess you'll show up," he said.

"Wouldn't do this to everybody. But a naval man—even if he is dodgy!"

Uncle Sam!

"I'll be here," I assured him.

At that time I wore a polished beard. This I shaved; also I was accustomed to use eyeglasses. The trouble was merely a slight astigmatism which bothered me only in reading or close inspection. I could get along perfectly well without glasses, so I discarded them. I had my hair cut rather close.

When I had put on sea boots, blue trousers and shirt, a pea jacket and a cap I felt quite safe from the recognition of a man like Dr. Schermerhorn.

In fact, as you shall see, I hardly spoke to him during all the voyage out.

Promptly at 6, then, I returned with a sea chest, bound I knew not whether, to be gone I knew not for how long and pledged to act as second officer on a little 150 ton schooner.

## CHAPTER IX.

I HAD every reason to be satisfied with my disguise—if such it could be called. Captain Selover at first failed to recognize me. Then he burst into his stateroom.

"Didn't know you," he cried. "But you look shipshape. Come, I'll show you your quarters."

Immediately I discovered what I had suspected before—that on so small a schooner the mate took rank with the men rather than the afterward.

Cabin accommodations were of course very limited. My own lurked in the waist of the ship—a tiny little airless hole.

"Here's where Johnson staved," professed Selover. "You can bunk here or you can go in the fore'sle with the men. They're more room there. We'll get under way with the turn of the tide."

He left me. I examined the cabin. It was just a trifle larger than its single berth, and the berth was just a trifle larger than myself. My chest would have to be left outside. I strongly suspected that my lungs would have to be left outside also.

For the life of me I could not see where the air was to come from. With a mental reservation in favor of investigating the fore'sle I went on deck.

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He left me. I examined the cabin. It was just a trifle larger than its single berth, and the berth was just a trifle larger than myself. My chest would have to be left outside. I strongly suspected that my lungs would have to be left outside also.

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in handkerchief. I never saw him with other clothing. From beneath it straggled oily and tangled locks of glossy black. His face was long, narrow, hook-nosed and sinister. His eyes, as I have described them, a steady and deadly black. I could at first glance ascribe great activity, but only moderate strength to his slender, wiry figure. In this I was mistaken. His sheer physical power was second only to that of Captain Selover. One of his forearms ended in a steel hook. At the moment I could not understand this; could not see how a man so unaided could be useful aboard a ship. Later I wished we had more as handy. He knew a jam hitch which he caught over and under his hook quicker than most men can grasp a line with the naked hand. It would render one way, but held fast the other. He told me it was a clutch hook hitch employed by mule packers in the mountains and that he had used it on swamp hooks in the lumber woods of Michigan. I shouldn't wonder. He was a Wandering Jew. His name was Anderson, but I never heard him called that. It was always "Handy Solomon" with men and masters.

We started at each other. I fascinated by something, some spell of the ship, which I have never been able to explain to myself nor even describe. It was a mystery, a portent, a premonition such as overtakes a man sometimes in the dark passageways of life. I cannot tell you of it nor make you believe—let it pass.

Then by a slow process of successive perceptions I became aware that I was watched by other eyes, other wax figures, other human beings with unwavering gaze. They seemed to the sense of mystic apprehension that for the moment held possession of me to be everywhere—in the bunks, on the floor, back in the shadows, watching, watching, watching from the advantage of another world.

I don't know why I tell you this; why I lay so much stress on the first weird impression I got of the fore'sle. It means something to me now—in view of all that happened subsequently. Almost can I look back and see in that moment of occultism a warning, an enlightenment. But the point is it meant something to me then. I stood there fascinated, unable to move, unable to speak.

Then the grotesque figure in the corner stirred.

"Well, mates," said the man, "believe or not believe, it's in the book, and it stands to reason too. We have gold mines here in California and Nevada and all them states, and we hear of gold mines in Mexico and Australia, too, but did you ever hear tell of gold mines in Europe? Tell me that! And where did the gold come from, then, before they discovered America? Tell me that! Why, they made it, just as the man that wrote this here says, and you can kiss the book on that."

"How about that place, Ophir, I read about?" asked a voice from the bunks.

The man shot a keen glance thither from beneath his brows.

"Know last year's output from the mines of Ophir, Thrackles?" he inquired in silky tones.

"Why, no," stammered the man addressed as Thrackles.

"Well, I do," pursued the man with the steel hook, "and it's just the whole of nothing, and you can kiss the book on that too. There ain't any gold output because there ain't any mines, and there never have been. They made their gold."

He tossed aside a book he had been holding in his left hand. I recognized the fat little paper doodeedoo with amusement and some wonder. The only other copy I had ever laid my eyes on is in the Astor Library. It is somewhat of a rarity, called "The Secret of Alchemy; or, The Grand Doctrine of Transmutation Fully Explained," and was written by a Dr. Edward Duvall, a most extraordinary volume to have fallen into the hands of seamen.

I stepped forward, greeting and being greeted. Besides the man I have mentioned there were four. The cook was a bullet-headed squat negro with a broken nose. I believe he had a name, Robinson or something of that sort. He was to all of us simply the nigger. Unlike most of his race, he was gloomy and taciturn.

Of the other two, a little white faced, thin chested youth named Pulz and a villainous looking Mexican called Perdoma, I shall have more to say later.

My arrival broke the talk on alchemy. It resumed its course in the direction of our voyage. Each discovered that the others knew nothing, and each blundered against the astounding fact of double wages.

"All I know is the pay's good, and that's enough," concluded Thrackles from a bunk.

"The pay's too good," growled Handy Solomon.

"This ain't no job to go look at the 'clipse of the moon or the devil's a preacher!"

"What you muck keen, den?" queried Perdoma.

"It's treasure, of course," said Handy Solomon shortly.

"He, he, he!" laughed the negro without mirth.

"What's the matter with you, doctor?" demanded Thrackles.

"Treasure!" repeated the nigger.

"You see dat box he done carry so careful? You see dat?"

A pause ensued. Somebody scratched a match and lit a pipe.

"No, I don't see that!" broke out Thrackles finally, with some impatience. "I s'pose how a man goes after treasure with a box, but why should he take treasure away in a box? What do you think, Bucko?" he suddenly appealed to me.

I looked up from my investigation of the empty berth.

"I don't think much about it," I replied, "except that by the look of the stores we're due for more than Honolulu, and from the look of the light we'd better turn to on deck."

An embarrassed pause fell.

"Who are you, anyway?" bluntly demanded the man with the steel hook.

"My name is Eagen," I replied. "I've the berth of mate. Which of these bunks are empty?"

They indicated what I desired with just a trace of sullenness. I understood well enough their resentment at

having a ship's officer quartered on them—the foetus they considered as their only liberty when at sea and my presence as a curtailment to the freedom of speech. I subsequently did my best to overcome this feeling, but never quite succeeded.

At my command the nigger went to his galley. I ascended to the deck. Dusk was falling in the swift Californian fashion. Already the outlines of the wharf houses were growing indistinct, and the lights of the city were beginning to twinkle. Captain Selover came to my side and leaned over the rail, peering critically at the black water against the piers.

"She's at the dock," he squeaked. "And here comes the Lucy Belle."

The tug took us in charge and puffed with us down the harbor and through the Golden Gate. We had sweated the canvas on her, even to the flying jib and a huge club topsail she sometimes carried at the main, for the afternoon trades had lost their strength. About midnight we drew up on the Farallones.

The schooner handled well. Our crew was divided into three watches, an unusual arrangement, but comfortable. Two men could sail her handily in most sorts of weather. Handy Solomon had the wheel. Otherwise the deck was empty. The man's fantastic headgear, the fringe of his curling oily locks, the hawk outline of his face momentarily silhouetted against the phosphorescence as he glanced to windward, all lent him an appearance of another day. I could almost imagine I caught the gleam of silver butted horse pistols and cutlasses at his waist.

I brooded in wonder at what I had seen and how little I had explained. The number of boats, sufficient for a craft of three times the tonnage; the capacity of the fore'sle with its eighteen bunks, enough for a passenger ship—what did it mean? And this wild, unkempt, villainous crew with its master and his almost ridiculous contrast of neatness and filth—did Dr. Schermerhorn realize to what he had trusted himself and his precious expedition, whatever it might be?

The lights of shore had sunk. The Laughing Lass staggered and leaped joyously with the glory of the open sea. She seemed alone on the bosom of the ocean, and for the life of me I could not but feel that I was embarked on some desperate adventure. The notion was utterly illogical. That I knew well. In sober thought, I, a reporter, was shadowing a respectable and venerable scientist, who in turn was probably about to investigate at length some little known deep sea conditions of phenomena of an unexpected island. But that did not suffice to my imagination. The ship, its surroundings, its equipment, its crew—all read fantastic. So much the better story, I thought, strugging my shoulders at last.

## [TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE CRITIC'S SHRUG.

A Story of an Old Persian Poet and an Aspiring Shah.

"To be fair," said a noted dramatic critic, "is sometimes hard and cruel, and sometimes it is rash. You know there are reprisals. The answering fair critic often takes up his pen with the shrug of Omar, the old Persian poet."

"You have heard of Omar's shrug? No? Well, it was eloquent. The shah once had sent for the old poet."

"Omar," he said, "I have written some verses. Listen, and I will read them to you."

"And he read the verses and in the ensuing silence looked at Omar anxiously. 'Well?' he said."

"Heaven born," said Omar gently, "each to his own calling. Scepter in hand, you are most wise, just and powerful, but pen in hand—Omar shook his head and chuckled. 'Heaven born,' said he, 'such verses would disgrace a nine-year-old schoolboy.'"

"His eyes flashing with wrath, the shah shouted to his guards:

"To the stables with this old fool, and let him be soundly flogged!"

"Yet the shah, for all, respected Omar's judgment, and when a week later, another idea for a poem came to his mind and was feverishly executed he sent for the fearless and fair critic again."

"Another poem, Omar, a better one. I'm sure you'll think it is a better one," he said wistfully. And he began to read the second poem to the old man."

"But in the middle of the reading Omar turned and started for the door."

"Where are you going?" said the shah in amazement.

"Omar looked back and shrugged his shoulders."

"To the stables," he answered, "for another flogging!"—Denver Republican.

## HORNET SENTINELS.

It Would Seem That These Insects Keep Guard Over the Nests.

Is a hornet's nest guarded by sentinels, after the manner of ant hills? It is not so easy to decide, for their private habits do not invite familiar approach. But some experiments seemed to point that way. No noises, however near or strident, had the least effect upon the workers. Blow on drivers instruments as loudly and shrilly as I would, they poured in and out of the gate or labored on the walls, intent wholly upon their own affairs. But at the slightest jar upon the window or shutter, out flew a bevy of irate insects and flung themselves against the wire window screen with an angry "bump" that showed how good was their intention at least to defend their home. It was always so. A squad of workers, free and ready for aggressive duty, seemed to be lurking near the gate, prompt to sail forth upon alarm. Even at night a few kept near by, and, although their port had lost its vicious swing and they moved about with sluggish pace, like sleepy watchmen, as doubtless they were, they left upon the observer the impression that they were on sentinel service, in which the community was never lacking.—Dr. H. O. McCook in Harper's Magazine.

## FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD.

Eskimos Provide Food and Clothes For Returning Ghosts.

The natives of the Yukon river region hold a festival of the dead every year shortly before Christmas and a greater festival at intervals of several years. At these seasons food, drink and clothes are provided for the returning ghosts in the clubhouse of the village, which is illuminated for the occasion with oil lamps. Every man or woman who wishes to honor a dead friend sets up a lamp on a stand in front of the place which the dead one used to occupy in the clubhouse. These lamps, filled with seal oil, are kept burning day and night until the festival is over. They are believed to light the shades on their return to their old home and back again to the land of the dead. If any one fails to put up a lamp in the clubhouse and to keep it burning, the shade whom he or she desires to honor could not find its way to the place

Established by Franklin in 1754.

## The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JAMES P. HANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131  
Home Telephone 1040

Saturday, February 29, 1908.

England seems disposed to consider a considerable restriction of the bar privilege. According to a bill introduced in the House of Commons the number of licensed houses in England and Wales will be reduced one-third.

The latest international murder case, which took place in the State of Maine, has some points which recall other famous murder cases. The woman in the case seems to have acquired great wealth after a long tour abroad, without any visible cause.

It may save time, and time is money, to flip a coin to settle a dispute, but it doesn't always pay. A New York jury reached their decision in this simple and effective manner, but when the judge heard of it, he called the jurymen before him and inflicted a fine.

There will not be a full investigation of the recent murder of the King of Portugal. The government does not care to have it thought that there is too serious disaffection among the people of that country, so the matter will be forever shrouded in more or less mystery.

The friends of the navy are putting in some hot shot in reply to the attacks that have recently been made against the efficiency of the modern warships. The country can be reassured that the navy will be found fully capable of doing its full duty when occasion requires.

A young Providence man inserted his own death notice in the newspapers to find out whether his best girl truly loved him. As this is a misdemeanor he found himself behind the bars. Whether or not the girl will continue to love him after his exhibition is a question that only time can tell.

Hetty Green has lost a lawsuit. An attorney who conducted an important case for her some years ago demanded a fee of \$8000 for his services, and upon her refusal to pay such a sum he instituted suit against her. The court finds that he is entitled to a little less than \$8000. So she saved some money by the transaction, unless the expenses of the suit ate up the balance.

The postmaster general thinks that young boys should not be used for special delivery messengers and is in favor of filling vacancies that occur by older boys and men. "There are many reasons why young boys should not be used for public messengers but what would become of the messenger service maintained by the telegraph companies if the idea should be generally adopted? The average messenger boy knows more about the ways of the world and the wickedness therein than do most grown men."

General business cannot become good again until confidence on the part of capitalists is restored and that cannot be accomplished when matters in the financial and political world are seething as they are at present. Men of affairs, whose business interests may be jeopardized by hostile legislation, are not likely to engage in new enterprises involving the expenditure of large sums of money, when they have no well-settled ideas as to what laws may be enacted, and are apprehensive that statutes may be passed which will endanger the safety of their investment.

There is pending before the Senate in the State Legislature a bill imposing a collateral inheritance tax, which is proposed for the purpose of increasing revenues of the State. This is not an inheritance tax in the general acceptance of the term—that is, the wealthy summer residents of Newport need have no fear that a large portion of their estates bequeathed to their direct heirs will be directed to the State treasury as is done in some States. There is no tax whatever imposed on bequests to father, mother, husband, wife or lineal descendant, or for any charitable or strictly public purpose, but the act imposes a tax on bequests to collateral heirs or strangers to the blood. The bill as drawn provides for such tax on bequests of \$500 or over, but it is possible that it may be amended by making the amount larger, so that nothing less than \$1000 shall be taxed.

It is said to be the intention of the House committee on appropriations to top from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000 from this year's total estimate of \$38,443,000 for fortifications, and that of the approximately \$10,000,000 which the committee means to do, practically nothing will be recommended for Atlantic Coast fortifications and very little for fortifications on the Pacific Coast, nearly all being devoted to the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands. Last year the war department asked \$15,068,000 and was given \$9,898,000. It is understood that this year's estimate had President Roosevelt's approval; it included projects whose achievement would require years of work. The appropriations for fortifications in this vicinity will probably be cut some, but the general feeling in Washington is that the forts in Narragansett Bay shall receive first consideration of any forts on the Atlantic Coast, owing to their great strategic importance.

## General Assembly.

The General Assembly has held short sessions this week, but there will soon be a necessity for more time to consider the bills that will be reported by the committees. The important committees are all busily at work, formulating their recommendations, and in a number of cases public hearings have been held.

There have been introduced in the Senate bills to license hunters and to create a State board of registration in embalmers. There has been passed an urgent measure under suspension of the rules a resolution directing the commissioner of industrial statistics to ascertain the number of unemployed in the State and report as soon as possible.

In the House there has also been introduced a measure providing for an appropriation of \$3000 for the relief of the unemployed through the office of the commissioner of industrial statistics. Representative Franklin has introduced a bill for the correction of errors on voting lists. Representative Lewis of New Shoreham has introduced a bill providing regulations for keeping inflammable fluids and penalties for violation. A constitutional amendment has been introduced providing for the elections of sheriffs of counties by popular vote, the term to be for three years.

Speaker Burdick has advised committees to report as speedily as may be, as one half the session has expired.

## Taft Signs.

Walter Wellman in the Chicago Record Herald sees Taft in everything. He predicts his nomination on the first ballot.

He says: So great is the probability of Judge Taft's nomination for President by the Chicago convention that we are almost, if not quite, justified in regarding it as a foregone conclusion. There is also a great probability that the nomination will be made on the first ballot. The one element of serious doubt as to the outcome lies in the possibility of an upheaval for President Roosevelt for a second elective term. Fairly full and accurate information as to the political situation in all parts of the country, secured during my recent western tour and since returning to Washington, strengthens the belief formed two months ago that Taft is to win, but that if Taft for any reason is not nominated the President will be, ignoring for the present the later as one of those vague possibilities which it is impossible to measure, the situation has developed and as it is rapidly developing along certain lines, points unmistakably to the nomination of Judge Taft.

"That there is opposition to Taft and to the President we all know. I have made diligent inquiries as to the facts which led the opponents of the leading candidates to believe that he can be beaten, and the result is not reassuring from their standpoint. Their claims do not stand scrutiny. Their generalizations are strong but their details are weak. When we come down to the practical question of votes which are to defeat Taft, these opponents cannot make a satisfactory showing. It is not my business to boom anyone for President. I am not doing so. It is my business to ascertain the facts the best I can and give them to my readers, no matter what sort of outcome they may indicate. When I ask the men who are opposing Taft for a statement in detail of the base of their hope that Taft can be beaten, they reply: "It is too early to give figures."

But in my judgment it is not too early for figures. Public sentiment and political action have already gone so far that in a great part of the country we know how the votes are to be aligned almost as well as we shall know month or two months hence. President-making is our great national game, and every four years we all delight to take a hand in it. We read with avidity all news that tends to foreshadow the outcome, having pretty good opportunities to learn what is going on in the country. I give the readers of the Record-Herald a summary of most trustworthy information gathered up to this time.

For a clear understanding of the situation as it is seen to-day, let us look at the country geographically. We have certain well defined political areas.

1. New England, six states, with 32 votes in the Republican national convention.
2. The states with "favorite sons," five in number (New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin), with 250 votes in the convention.
3. The South, or states almost certainly Democratic in election (including Maryland and Missouri), twelve in number, with 266 votes in the convention.
4. The remainder of the North, West and coast states and the territories, twenty-three states in all, including Maryland and Missouri, with 333 votes in the convention.

Total number of states 48; total number of votes in the convention, 922; necessary to nominate, 497.

Now it is a remarkable fact that in all this great sweep of country classified under the four classes, only one candidate appears to have any considerable strength. He is Taft, the one aspirant whose following up to this time has assumed a truly national aspect.

Information of trustworthy character as to the choice of the delegates from the states in this great belt, sweeping from ocean to ocean, and beyond the two oceans, sums up as follows:

	Prob'ly Total votes Taft	Prob'ly Total votes Taft
New Jersey	21	20
Delaware	6	6
Maryland	10	10
West Virginia	11	11
Ohio	10	10
Michigan	25	24
Minnesota	22	21
North Dakota	8	8
South Dakota	8	8
Iowa	25	24
Nebraska	10	10
Missouri	20	20
Kansas	20	20
Total	333	333

The well-informed friends of Judge Taft believe he will get every vote from the states and territories named in the foregoing list, or 838 in all. But we shall surely be within reason if we assume that on the first ballot this great national belt of Republican or probably possibly Republican states, gives him 550 votes. He would still need about 147 for the nomination. Where are these votes to come from?

New England is now pretty well

understood will for the most part of the convention be untroubled and unpledged. But this does not necessarily mean anti-Taft. From all accounts the Taft sentiment is stronger in New England than sentiment for any other candidate. Most of the political leaders are either hostile or neutral. Nevertheless Taft is already assured of some votes from New England, and it is believed will gain more before the convention meets.

Now it is well known that much more than one-half of the South is for Taft. In fact, he is to have nearly all of it. Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, the greater part of Georgia and Alabama, all of Tennessee and Virginia, Mississippi and Texas and Arkansas are for Taft. Kentucky is for Fairbanks. There will be many contesting delegates from the South. Some are furnishing money for use among the old crowd of colored politicians, and a large number of these gentry will be at Chicago demanding seats on the warrent of rump conventions. Probably the national committee will make short shift of them and the convention will sustain the committee. Both the committee and the convention are pro-Roosevelt, pro-Taft.

We are therefore justified in assuming that on the first roll call fully 200 of the 266 southern delegates will vote for Taft. If only one-half of them do so a second ballot will not be needed.

With 375 votes from the great central belt and New England combined Taft needs about 125 more to win. The distinctively southern states have 266. The five states with favorite sons have 250. If Taft could get only one-half of the South added to the foregoing estimate he would have enough without approaching upon the favorite son states or in other words on the first ballot.

Of the fourteen votes from Connecticut he is pretty sure of ten and may have all. Of the thirty-two from Massachusetts he may get ten or twelve on the first ballot. Of the eight from New Hampshire he already has five. Vermont usually lends "with the winner," and there are eight votes which may come to Taft. Maine and Rhode Island are now uncertain.

At least the friends of Taft count upon twenty-five to thirty-five of the eighty-eight votes from New England and hope for many more.

But suppose a second ballot should be necessary and always assuming that the Roosevelt earthquake of which men talk so much fails to erupt? In the natural order of things the column of votes 256 strong, held by the five favorite sons, must dissolve sooner or later. Not all can stand out to the "last ditch," logically some one of them, Hughes or Knox or Cannon or Fairbanks, must be chosen to lead the opposition to the administration. It is too early to say who is to be the leader of that movement, if it ever materializes, but succeeding East I have heard more talk of Knox and Cannon and less of Hughes. Fairbanks also has many friends among the moderates.

The point is that if the opportunity should arise all of these 256 favorite son votes cannot be delivered to anyone of them. Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, we know, are loyal to their state leaders, but cannot be "delivered" to anyone else. Nor can all of the Knox or Hughes votes be delivered to Cannon or Fairbanks. The moment the 256 votes in the favorite son column begin to shift the leader in the race, almost a winner, inevitably gets enough votes from one or other of the states to push him over the line.

There is small probability that it will come to this. Viewed in cold-blooded analysis, without any favoritism or coloring whatever, the situation promises nothing else than the nomination of Taft on the first ballot. But if he should fail on that ballot and the political generals were to be able to deadlock the convention for a considerable time, even then Taft would win or Roosevelt be nominated as soon as the break-up occurred.

New York Herald Washington correspondence says that the national Senate can boast of having a millionaire in every third member, the total number of such being 32; while in the House one man in every 27 is reckoned worth \$1,000,000 or more dollars, the total number of such being 14. The estimated aggregate wealth of the 32 millionaire Senators is \$210,500,000. The estimated wealth of the 14 House millionaires is \$34,000,000, nearly half of which is credited to Representative Andrus of New York, who is not very prominent in the councils of the lower branch.

## Middletown.

The offertory taken at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel on Sunday last was for general missions. The Missions appropriation for this Chapel is twenty dollars. A generous friend of the Chapel has offered to donate the offering provided the appropriation is met by those on whom it is assessed.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Episcopal Church served on Tuesday evening an excellent supper of brown bread and butter, in the small vestry, to a large number. Later in the evening entertainment was furnished by the Epworth League in the shape of various games given under the direction of Miss Mary Dunbar Smith in the large vestry. This affair doubtless was among one of the last to be held in this church as the building is soon to be demolished. Preliminary preparations are being made towards the rebuilding, by the carting of stones and wood which are being placed in heaps in and near the horse-sheds. The trustees of the church are holding frequent meetings and are endeavoring to settle the many details that are constantly coming up. As the present building cannot be removed until the claims of the pew owners are satisfied, much time and labor has been expended in looking up and in settling with the various heirs. All seats in the new church are to be free.

The Wednesday afternoon meeting of the Paradise Reading Club was devoted to the reading of patriotic selections. Mrs. D. B. Hazard of Valley Road was the hostess.

A "Victor" Concert will be given at the Berkeley Parish House on Monday evening followed by progressive whist.

Mrs. Emma A. Parsons, of Fall River, is making an extended visit with her brother, Mr. Joseph A. Peckham, and family.

The regular monthly meeting of the Berkeley Men's Club will be held at the Parish House on Wednesday evening, March fourth.

The Duchess of Marlborough is shortly expected to arrive from England on a visit to her mother, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

## Washington Matters.

The President's Letter to the Interstate Commerce Commission—To Ascertain Actual Value of Railroads—Reply to Charges Against the Navy—Quiet in Politics—Notes.

[From Our Regular Correspondence at Washington, D. C., February 28, 1908.]

The President has once more taken a step which has startled and astounded the capitalists and some of the most influential leaders of his party and which, nevertheless, promises on second thought to make for the interest of the country-at-large and of business men as well as wage workers. I refer to the letter which the President recently addressed to the Interstate Commerce Commission instructing the Commission carefully to investigate the receipts and disbursements of the railroads in order that it may be in a position to intelligently should it be called upon to intervene between railway managers and their employees.

Those in a position best to judge are now of the opinion that the President's letter will have two very beneficial results. First, by warning the railroads in advance that the administration, and through it the public will be in a position to judge whether or not they are warranted by any decrease in business in decreasing the pay of their employees, the letter will, it is believed, operate as a deterrent to railway managers who might be disposed to make material reductions in wages; second, by so deterring the railway managers from acting hastily, and so contributing themselves to check business, it will, it is maintained, serve to tide over a temporary depression which has naturally followed the financial stringency and which has hit the railroads later than the manufacturers, while in a comparatively short time this depression will have passed and there will then be no occasion to reduce wages.

Speaking of railroads, it now seems certain that the Aldrich financial bill will, by amendment, be made to take the first step towards ascertaining the physical value of the railroad properties. It is proposed so to amend the bill as to provide that only the bonds of such railroads as have had their physical value ascertained and certified by the Interstate Commerce Commission may be accepted by the Secretary of the Treasury as the basis for emergency national bank circulation. This seems entirely reasonable, for the Treasury when accepting such bonds is really accepting as security the first mortgages on the railroads and it is only good business that before accepting such mortgages the Treasury should first ascertain the value of the property mortgaged.

Admirals Capps and Converse, two of the ablest officers in the Navy, have, at the request of the President, prepared elaborate replies to the so-called Reuter charges against the value of the American Navy. Both of these answers seem conclusive in themselves, but the Senate committee on Naval Affairs also proposes to conduct an exhaustive investigation and it seems certain that before Congress adjourns the American people will have received ample assurance that there are no fundamental weaknesses in their navy and that ship for ship it compares favorably with any navy in the world.

Rep. Lilley of Connecticut has made some startling charges in the House, to the effect that undue and improper influence has been brought to bear on the naval committee of that body which induced it to provide in the naval appropriation bill for eight submarine boats and only two battleships, after the President and the Secretary of the Navy had urged that provision be made for four battleships and only four submarines. It is to be hoped that this matter will be sifted to the bottom, for the credit of the party as well as for that of the committee in question.

There is little new in politics this week. Secretary Taft continues to secure delegates in states outside of his own, while it becomes daily more evident that he will have the solid delegation of his own state. No other candidate has thus far secured any delegates outside of his own state. There is considerable gossip regarding the possible selection of John Franklin Fort, Governor of New Jersey, for second place on the ticket. "There is reason to believe that a majority, at least, of the New Jersey delegation will vote for the nomination of Mr. Taft and many claim that he will have the solid delegation of that state."

The New York Herald says that of the 491 delegates which it will be necessary for Secretary Taft to secure to carry the national Republican convention's vote for President, he is now apparently certain of 356, and his candidacy is gaining slowly in strength except in the South. Of convention delegates actually elected to date, Taft has 32, while his only serious competitor, Vice-President Fairbanks, follows with 27.

The economic depression in Japan is ascribed in part to the nationalization of the railroads. Under the nationalization plan, the government agreed to purchase 17 private lines at a cost of \$250,000,000 to be paid for in government bonds. The fear that the government bonds might be dumped on the market in big blocks has caused stagnation in financial circles and depression in prices.

The flags on the naval stations and ships were at half-mast the past week in honor of Rear Admiral Seth M. Ackley, who died recently. As a further mark of respect a salute was fired from the Reina Mercedes at noon on Tuesday.

The boys of St. George's school produced the play "The Private Secretary" under the direction of Mr. Cabot Friday evening.

## Election of Officers.

Newport Chapter, No. 2, R. A. M.

High Priest—William H. Boone.  
Excellent King—William Chapman.  
Excellent Serjeant—Henry O. Riley.  
Secretary—A. H. Hildreth.  
Treasurer—Andrew K. McMahon.  
Chaplain—Robert B. Franklin.  
Captain of Guard—E. H. Hildreth.  
Sergeant at Arms—Max Lay.  
Royal Arch Chapter—Willis C. Metcalf.  
Master of Third Val—Walter Parsons.  
Master of Second Val—Irving Shipley.  
Master of First Val—Powell Conant.  
Senior Steward—Thomas E. Sherman.  
Junior Steward—Harry Burdick.  
Tyler—J. Gottlieb Spangler.

## Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., Feb. 29, 1908.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross southern Feb. 28 to Mar. 3, warm wave 27 to Mar. 2, cool wave March 1 to 5. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Mar. 2, cross Pacific slope by close of 3, great central valleys 4 to 6, eastern states 7. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about March 2, great central valleys 4, eastern states 6. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about March 5, great central valleys 7, eastern states 9.

This will be a moderate disturbance, not much precipitation, temperatures averaging higher than usual and no severe cold weather. It will not be an important disturbance.

Third disturbance of March will reach Pacific coast about 7, cross Pacific slope by close of 8, great central valleys 9 to 11, eastern states 12. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about March 7, great central valleys 9, eastern states 11. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about March 10, great central valleys 12, eastern states 14.

This disturbance will not be of much importance west of Rockies. In that section its warm wave, cool wave, winds, precipitation and frosts will be moderate. About March 10, when the low or storm center is expected to be near meridian 90, the storm forces will begin to increase. At that time the cool wave will be crossing the Rockies and its intensity will begin to grow and its cold will increase.

On Mar. 11 the storm center will have crossed the Mississippi and meridian 90 and from that time till it passes off onto the Atlantic all the storm forces will be turned loose. Precipitation will largely increase as the disturbance nears the Atlantic and about Mar. 15 the cool wave from Manitoba will turn to a cold wave and blizzard. Eastern sections of the country will get the most severe part of this disturbance and it will be well not to forget its coming.

First days of March will bring severe winter storms. Not very cold storms but of more than usual wind force and severe local rains with colder in Atlantic sections than farther west.

I got reversed for the six days of February 10 to 15 inclusive. That is the only serious error in my forecasts for many weeks past. These bad breaks in my forecasts are growing fewer all the time and I hope to entirely eliminate them.

Grad (entering the Alhambra) to old farmer—"Hey, you; can we borrow your horse and wagon outside?" Farmer—"No, dum yee, ye can't." Grad—"You're a liar. We have."—Cornell Widow.

## WEEKLY ALMANAC.

MARCH	Sun	Sun	Moon	High water
1908.	rises	sets	rises	Morn
1 Sat	6 37 16	6 28 16	6 24	6 54
2 Sun	6 35 15	6 31 15	6 19	6 42
3 Mon	6 31 16	6 32	6 17	7 30
4 Tues	6 32 15	6 31	6 17	8 10
5 Wed	6 31 15	6 31	6 16	8 43
6 Thurs	6 29 15	6 30	6 15	9 08
7 Fri	6 28 15	6 30	6 15	10 10

New Moon, 24 day, 11. 57 am, evening.  
First Quarter, 28 day, 4. 42 am, evening.  
Full Moon, 17th day, 2. 20 am, evening.  
Last Quarter, 25th day, 7. 31 am, morning.

## \$1,000 00 CASH

## NEW 8-ROOM COTTAGE

NEAR KAY STREET.  
I hold for sale a new cottage, 8 rooms, bath, etc., hot water heater, set tubs, all modern improvements, which I am instructed to sell for \$1,000, of which \$1,000 may remain on mortgage at 5 per cent.

In this opportunity to secure a comfortable home, with a small cash capital. Only \$1,000 required. Apply to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,  
132 Bellevue Avenue. Telephone 329.

## Deaths.

In this city, 23d inst., Joseph L. Bush, in his 67th year.  
In this city, 23d inst., at the residence of her brother, James McPherson, 10 South street, Mary, daughter of James and the late Mrs. L. McPherson, aged 28 years.  
In this city, 24th inst., Robert J., son of the late William and Agnes Allen, in the 42d year of his age.  
In this city, 27th inst., at her residence, 9 Narragansett avenue, Winifred, widow of Patrick Manning.  
In Portsmouth, 24th inst., Alice A., wife of William F. Brayton, in the 67th year of her age.  
In Tamont, 22d inst., suddenly, Samuel S. Booth, formerly of this city.  
At Hackley School, Tamont, N. Y., Feb. 26, Howard McAllister Smith, son of Milton McAllister Smith and the late Mrs. King-bury Steadman, in the 17th year of his age.  
Feb. 23d, at his home, 231 Morris avenue, Fordham, New York, after a brief illness, William Spencer, a faithful friend and employee in the family of Theodore K. Gibbs for over forty years.  
26th inst., at his home in Glenshaw, Pa., Robert Percival Watson, brother of the late Dr. William Argyle Watson.  
In Norwalk, Conn., February 23d, Locke Harvey Harris, wife of Elijah Harris.

**CARTER'S**  
**LITTLE**  
**LIVER**  
**PILLS.**

**CURE**  
**SICK**  
**HEAD**  
**ACHE**

Stick headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Browses, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally effective in curing constipation, and in correcting all disorders of the system, which render the liver and bowels inactive. Even if they only cure

Acidol they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, which renders their good looks and social life a mockery, and who by their gentle action prevent all who are in any way that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all stick

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action prevent all who are in any way that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all stick

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## PATENT OFFICE SCANDAL.

Records Destroyed to Get Patent on Invention Valued at \$5,000,000  
Washington, Feb. 28.—Three arrests brought to light a scandal in the patent office which has been under investigation since early in February and which revolves around an invention valued at more than \$5,000,000. The parties arrested are Ned H. Barton, third assistant examiner of the patent office; Henry W. Evenden, a patent attorney of Philadelphia, and John A. Heany, an inventor of York, Pa.

They had been indicted by the United States grand jury for conspiracy to defraud the government and for destroying public records. The indictment charges that the three men, "with an intent to steal and destroy," carried away from the patent office certain letters, specifications and amendments relating to patents, and unlawfully and wilfully destroyed them.

The investigation was made upon information that, as a result of a conspiracy, John A. Heany had been given a patent on an invention for manufacturing filaments and electrodes for electric incandescent lamps. It is alleged that, through connivance with Barton, Heany and Barton outwitted more than twenty of the largest electrical concerns in the country striving to get the same patent. All of these concerns had filed applications for a patent, but from time to time Barton, it is charged, would see the specifications and employ whatever he desired for perfecting Heany's invention. To be successful in this plan it was necessary to destroy certain records and file substitutes therefor.

## The Thomases Indicted

New York, Feb. 28.—Edward R. Thomas and Orlando F. Thomas, both noted financiers of extensive interests, were indicted on charges growing out of their management of the funds of the Provident Savings Life Assurance society, which they controlled. The offences charged are violations of the state insurance laws and constitute a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of \$500 or a year's imprisonment or both on each count. The Thomases were arraigned and pleaded not guilty. Meantime they were admitted to bail of \$5000 on each of three indictments.

Runaway Engine Kills Two Men  
Brockwayville, Pa., Feb. 28.—While a yard engine was taking water here Engineer Ray tried to tighten a bolt on the throttle. The throttle bolt suddenly flew out and the engineer and fireman were hurled from the cab. The engine, with 200 pounds of steam, started down the yard at terrific speed and collided with the caboose of a freight train. Two brakemen sitting in the caboose were crushed to death. The runaway engine and several cars were demolished.

Anarchistic Activity in Madrid  
Paris, Feb. 28.—A special dispatch from Madrid says there is much uneasiness at what appears to be a renewal of anarchistic activity. On several occasions recently, the dispatch says, suspicious persons have been arrested while trying to approach King Alfonso. The authorities, however, maintain strict secrecy.

Munsey Buys Baltimore News  
New York, Feb. 28.—Frank A. Munsey announces that he has bought the Baltimore News, taking over all of the stock of the corporation. He will formally assume control of the newspaper tomorrow. The News is an independent paper, politically, and Munsey announces that it will continue to be so conducted.

Telegraphers Dissatisfied  
St. Paul, Feb. 28.—By an overwhelming majority, telegraph operators on the Northern Pacific have rejected the proposition made by the road in regard to a new schedule of hours and wages to become effective March 4, when the "hours of service law" goes into effect. There are 900 telegraphers on the system.

Van Schaick Goes to Sing Sing  
New York, Feb. 28.—Captain William H. Van Schaick, who was held criminally responsible for the loss of more than 1000 lives in the disaster of the steamboat General Slocum, started for Sing Sing prison yesterday to serve ten years.

## NEWS IN BRIEF

Captain Smith of Steamer Casilda, at Boston from Hicoteo and Buenos Ayres, reports that Chief Engineer John Gooding committed suicide on Feb. 2 by hanging.

Robert Clifford, a private in the Fifteenth cavalry, died of yellow fever at Santa Clara, Cuba. There are six soldiers now at that city convalescing from yellow fever.

The French government practically has decided to dispatch between 5000 and 6000 reinforcements to Morocco.  
W. W. Rockhill, American minister to China, will visit the viceroys of Nanking and Hankow, China, in April, almost an American man-of-war, which will be escorted by one or more American warships. The journey involves the navigation of the Yang Tze river a distance of 1500 miles.

Charles L. Beach of the faculty of the University of Vermont was selected as president of the Connecticut Agricultural college.

Alfred W. Starnitt, a real estate dealer of Wakefield, Mass., has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy. His liabilities are \$41,207.

Professor Max Parrand, now head of the department of history in Leland Stanford, Jr., university, has been called to a professorship of history in Yale college. Parrand has signified his intention to accept the invitation.

Congo Squabble Taxing Patience  
Brussels, Feb. 28.—The differences between King Leopold and the Belgian parliament still continue over the question of the annexation of the Congo Independent State.—King Leopold now demands a civil list of \$300,000 from the Congo, and the various parties are showing signs of impatience. The Belgian parliament may abandon the Congo Free State altogether unless a prompt decision is reached.



## THE CARKINS MURDER

Miss Calla, Her Mother and  
Stepfather Repeat Their Stories

SAY KILLING WAS DELIBERATE

Affidavits Attached to Warrant Sworn  
Out For Arrest of Roy—Slain Man  
May Have Passed as Actress' Hus-  
band, but Was Her Brother

Portsmouth, N. H., Feb. 28.—Mrs. Paul E. Roy, or Glacia Calla, as she now prefers to be known, who gave the authorities of Rockingham county information which has led to the warrant for the arrest of her husband, Paul E. Roy of Paris, on the charge of murdering her brother, George E. Carkins, is at her home in Newington and will remain in the county as long as her presence is desired by the authorities. She arrived here yesterday from New York. For several hours Mrs. Roy was under examination at the office of County Solicitor Batchelder. Her mother, Mrs. James D. Kelley, her stepfather, and Dr. Jenkins, the physician who was called to the Newington residence on the night Carkins was shot, also appeared later and were examined by the county solicitor.

It is learned that Mrs. Kelley's story and that of her husband had not changed in the least, while that of Miss Calla varied slightly in some instances.

In her original story, that which brought the first information to the officials of this county that the case was one of murder, Miss Calla said that she was not sure whether she saw a revolver in her brother's hand or not.

Now it appears she is almost certain that he did not have a gun in his hand. This tends to bear out the original theory of deliberate murder by the woman's angry husband. Immediately after the taking of the affidavits they were attached to the warrant sworn out for the arrest of Roy, charging him with murder in the first degree.

It is established that Carkins was the brother of Miss Calla. While it may be that he went over to Paris with her posing as her husband for certain purposes, the people here who are closely acquainted with the family history say that both children were born of the same mother.

There is no record at the local city hall of Miss Calla's birth, but as it was there several years ago it is believed to have been lost. Miss Calla now is said to be about 35 years of age. Her mother was born on Dec. 25, 1851, and was married to Oriel Carkins sixteen years later. Miss Calla, like her mother, married when 16 years of age.

About Baroness Von Orendorff  
Washington, Feb. 28.—Baroness A. B. Von Orendorff, the widow with whom Glacia Calla is said to have once rented a house in Paris, lives in Washington. When she first came here she was armed with letters of introduction to prominent people of this city, written by friends and acquaintances abroad, and for a while she was constantly in attendance at social functions. She became acquainted with some of the best known people, particularly in official and diplomatic circles, and at smart receptions and other assemblages was for a time a quite familiar figure. Latterly she has attended but few affairs of this sort.

Efforts to reach the baroness were unsuccessful. Her home is on Venable street, but there a maid told newspaper men that her mistress was in Alexandria, Va., and at the office of one of her family, Bohrer Von Orendorff, an attorney, it was said that he also was out of the city.

Public Sympathy With Roy  
Paris, Feb. 28.—The Roy case is attracting much attention in the French press and there is much public sympathy for Roy's father, who is one of the most prominent dealers in blooded horses in Paris. Detective Goren and members of Roy's family are contesting every damaging statement telegraphed to Paris from America. They insist that the killing was a legitimate act of self-defense. The family plainly seeks to represent that Roy was the victim of Miss Calla's wiles, stress being laid upon the family's effort to break off his relations with her.

Dressmaker Sues Mrs. Roy  
Exeter, N. H., Feb. 28.—Mrs. Paul E. Roy, in addition to furnishing evidence against her husband, will figure in the Rockingham county superior court as a defendant in a civil suit brought by Georges Douillet, a Paris dressmaker, to recover \$1300. The plaintiff alleges that Miss Calla owes her \$1300 for dresses, the goods having been delivered, but the bill never having been paid. The suit appears on the docket as "Georges Douillet vs. Lilian Carkins, alias Glacia Calla."

Fowler Bill Finds Favor  
Washington, Feb. 28.—The Fowler currency bill was adopted by the house committee on banking and currency, in practically the form in which it was introduced, and as a result of weeks of public hearings and consideration in executive session. The bill provides for the retirement of all outstanding bond-secured currency and the issue in substitute of a currency based on the assets of the national banks, that is, a gold-secured currency. One of its chief features is a provision for a federal guaranty of national bank deposits.

Kitchener Punishes Raiders  
London, Feb. 28.—Lord Kitchener's little frontier war in the Bosar valley against the Zakkahels tribesmen is making rapid and successful progress. The purpose of the expedition is to punish the tribesmen for numerous raids into Indian territory, and they have been scattered and broken, their forts have been destroyed and many of them have been killed.

## WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

Monk Made a Business of Assaulting and Killing Women

Verkhoturys, Russia, Feb. 28.—The circuit court of this town meted out partial justice to a monk named Fedoten, whose criminal and iniquitous career was revealed last fall, by sentencing him to penal servitude for fifteen years. The monk enjoyed a great reputation for sanctity, but when the revelations came it was learned that his holy ways and words were nothing but a cloak for robbery, murder and debauchery of every kind. The repeated disappearance of female pilgrims who visited the monk's chapel in a neighboring forest, where he lived as a hermit, attracted the attention of the authorities and resulted in a careful investigation. This disclosed the bodies of no less than twenty victims whom Fedoten had assaulted and murdered and then buried in the cellar of his house. The charge of sacrilege, in that he had stolen the sacramental vessels from churches and monasteries, also was established against the hermit.

Submarines All "Sick 'Abed"  
Washington, Feb. 28.—Representative Lilley (Conn.) introduced a resolution calling on the secretary of the navy to inform congress of the physical condition at the present time of the various submarine torpedo boats owned by the government, together with full information of reports relating to the performance of each submarine, accidents thereto and repairs thereon. He said that he was informed that the dozen or so submarines purchased from the Holland Boat company by the government are practically all sick abed—broken down, tied up at wharves, out of commission.

Rules Committee Must Move  
Washington, Feb. 28.—The all-powerful committee on ways and means of the house of representatives was put to rout and by an overwhelming vote was ordered out of the capitol to the new house office building, a block away. Various members of the committee strenuously objected to the removal, but their protests availed them nothing. The committee's present rooms are desired that the speaker may have more commodious quarters.

Former Priest Goes to Prison  
New York, Feb. 28.—A minimum sentence of two years and two months in state prison was imposed upon Levont Marlogossian, the Armenian former priest and treasurer of the local branch of the Hunchakist society, who was convicted of extortion. Several of his countrymen in this city alleged that death was threatened as the alternative to contributing to the society represented by the prisoner.

La Follette Boom Launched  
Milwaukee, Feb. 28.—The Republican state central committee adopted resolutions endorsing Senator La Follette as a candidate for president, after a bitter fight by the members of the committee who opposed the original La Follette resolution. The La Follette leaders finally agreed to a substitute which endorsed the present state administration as well as La Follette.

Death Sentence For Reds  
St. Petersburg, Feb. 28.—A military court condemned to death seven of the terrorists, charged with complicity in the attempt last week in this city upon the lives of Grand Duke Nicholas Nikolaevitch, a second cousin of the emperor, and M. Ohtcheglovitch, the minister of justice, and sentenced three others to fifteen years' imprisonment at hard labor.

Hughes Asked to Remove Jerome  
New York, Feb. 28.—Twenty-two specific charges are made in a petition praying for the removal of William T. Jerome as district attorney of the county of New York which was sent to Governor Hughes at Albany by a committee of stockholders of the Metropolitan street railway. Jerome says that the charges do not worry him at all.

Death Soon Followed Fortune  
Detroit, Feb. 28.—A man who died in a cell in a police station here was identified as Patrick Savage, aged 38, of Brantford, Ont. Savage recently fell heir to a fortune and had since been traveling about enjoying it. He was arrested on a charge of intoxication, and two hours later was found dead in his cell.

Edison Under the Knife  
New York, Feb. 28.—Thomas A. Edison was operated on last night at the Manhattan eye, ear and throat hospital, when an abscess which had formed in the middle ear was opened. The condition of the inventor is favorable and leads to the expectation of an early recovery.

A Cold-Blooded Murder  
Erie, Pa., Feb. 28.—Because he would not take a drink, or dance when ordered to do so, "Blacky" Collins, said to be a member of a prominent Lawrence, Mass. family, was shot and killed here. Ed Acheson, known as "Erie Slim," the alleged murderer, escaped.

Theft of \$30,000 Charged  
Piqua, O., Feb. 28.—J. M. Hudson, formerly secretary-treasurer and general manager of the Piqua Flour company, was placed under arrest, charged with embezzlement of \$30,000 of the company's money. It is claimed he lost the money in stock speculation.

The Weather Forecast  
Almanac, Saturday, Feb. 29.  
Sun rises—6:21; sets—5:33.  
Moon rises—5:11 a. m.  
High water—9 a. m.; 9:45 p. m.  
It will be fair and colder in New England.

Missouri Republicans For Taft  
St. Louis, Feb. 28.—Resolutions favoring the candidacy of W. H. Taft for president and commending the administration of President Roosevelt were adopted by the Republican state convention. In addition Attorney General Hadley was endorsed as the Republican nominee for governor.

## INDIANS IN DISPUTE

Dramatic Scene Marks Proceedings of the Senate

CHEROKEE TAUNTED BY KAW

Curtis Tells Owen That He Is "Under the Control of the Secretary of the Interior" and Words Dispute Ensues—Owen's Proposition Fails

Washington, Feb. 28.—One of the most dramatic scenes ever witnessed in the senate occurred when Senator Owen of Oklahoma insisted in tragic tones, and with a face showing much emotion, that the five civilized tribes of Indians were dead, and that he, as a member of the tribe of Cherokees, was not under the control of the secretary of the interior.

The event was rendered all the more interesting by the fact that Owen was sharply engaged in controversy by Senator Curtis of Kansas, himself a Kaw Indian. It was the first time that two men with Indian blood in their veins ever disputed as senators in the senate chamber.

The controversy arose during consideration of the Indian bill and was precipitated by an effort by Owen to have that bill so amended as to recognize the citizenship of the five civilized tribes of Indians by having the word "late" inserted before this designation.

Mr. Curtis sought to interrupt Owen before the Oklahoma senator had concluded his first sentence. "But," interposed the Kansan, "your property is under the control of the secretary of the interior, and you know it."

"I do not," retorted Owen. Mr. Curtis insisted upon his view of the status of the Oklahoma senator. He did not contend that the property of the senator from Oklahoma, aside from that owned by him as a member of the Cherokee tribe of Indians, was under the secretary's control, but that his tribal property was. "I think you ought not to be under control of the secretary," he said.

"I agree," quickly replied Owen, "with the senator from Kansas that I ought not to be. I disagree with him that I am."

The dramatic tone of the Oklahoma senator rather startled the chamber, and persons in the galleries leaned forward to see the disputants. Owen left his place in the rear of the chamber and advanced to the center aisle, where he was within sight of everyone.

The two senators of Indian blood were now facing each other twenty feet apart, and both appeared to have lost sight of parliamentary rules and were carrying on a personal colloquy.

Mr. Owen said that the supreme court of the United States had declared that Indians, holding allotted lands were citizens of the United States. Rising to his full height, his olive-colored face showing that his pride had been touched by the suggestion that he was under the control of the secretary of the interior, Owen continued:

"The Cherokee nation can demand no allegiance from me. I owe them no allegiance. The only allegiance I owe is to my government, the United States, and to the state of Oklahoma. I say the supreme court has passed upon this matter and I shall insist that it is right that the word 'late' shall be included in that amendment."

Mr. Curtis then took the floor and explained that he merely interrupted the Oklahoma senator so as to be able to make a correct statement to the senate. "When you made that statement about the Delawares being absorbed by the Cherokee tribe, of which you are a member, you should have told how they were swallowed up by the Cherokees," he exclaimed, pointing at his antagonist.

Mr. Owen insisted that a man belonging to an Indian tribe is a subordinate or ward and an alien, which, he said, was not compatible with American citizenship. "Am I an alien?" he exclaimed.

Senator Carter came to the rescue and attempted to show that both senators were right. His remarks put the senate in a better humor, and laughter displaced the strained state of mind that had prevailed.

Senator Gore of Oklahoma added to the relaxed tension by suggesting a way out of the difficulty. "I would be well," he said, for the senate to recognize the belligerent rights of these two Indians."

Both of the objects of this sally joined in the laughter that filled the chamber. When the discussion was brought to a conclusion by the untimely business, Owen went over to the Republican side and, approaching Curtis in a friendly manner, took a seat by his side. The two good-naturedly continued the discussion so heatedly begun on the floor.

After further debate, Owen's proposition to designate the Indians as the late five civilized tribes was voted down, Owen's being the only vote in its support.

Japanese Exterminating Seals  
Ottawa, Feb. 28.—Speaking on the subject of pelagic sealing in the north Pacific ocean, it was suggested in the house that reference of the whole question to the Hague tribunal and a total prohibition of sealing for ten years to prevent the extermination of seals be made. Japan is not bound by the Paris award and is fishing in season and out of season in the islands and on the high seas.

A Great Bank Swindle  
Paris, Feb. 28.—An individual in New York obtained a letter of credit from a large banking house there and made excellent duplicates by means of photographs, which he forwarded to accomplices in London, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Marseilles, Genoa, Hamburg and Munich, who cashed them simultaneously, netting \$100,000.

## FINDING IN MERGER CASE

New Haven Road Indirectly Controls Many Street Railways

Boston, Feb. 28.—The New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad has indirectly acquired the stock and is practically in control of several street railways in this state. Is the gist of a master's report handed down by Winfield S. Stocum in the case of the commonwealth against the New York, New Haven and Hartford road.

In the report, which covers 450 pages, the master states that although the defendant corporation did not get control of the Massachusetts trolley lines directly, it does, however, control them indirectly and ingeniously through what is known as the New England Investment and Securities company, whose officers are either directors or officers of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad.

Nearly two years ago Attorney General Malone took the merger of these railroads up, and after an investigation contended that the acquiring of these street railways by the defendant company was against the statutes. Stocum was appointed by the supreme court to hear the case. His report will be presented to the supreme court, which will hear the entire matter.

Coroner's Report on Eddy Case  
Providence, Feb. 28.—The report of Coroner Moraw on the death of Miss Mary Eddy, who was fatally assaulted and robbed of her week's wages while returning to her home in Greenville, states that death was caused by a blow on the head from a weapon held by some person unknown to the coroner. Earl Jacquith is now in jail awaiting action on the case by the grand jury.

Rush in Business Expected  
New Haven, Feb. 28.—Reports from the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad company show during the last two weeks a slight betterment in earnings. Among officers of the company a much more hopeful feeling of better times ahead prevails. A prominent officer of the corporation predicts that when that demand sets in business will come with a rush.

Alleged Scheme to Defraud  
Boston, Feb. 28.—Because Chief Justice Goff of New York and the board of park commissioners of Rochester did not receive gopher hen eggs, pheasants and pot animals, for which they sent money to George M. D. Gardner of Medfield, the latter was placed under arrest at Waltham on a charge of using the mails in pursuance of a scheme to defraud.

Misuse of Mails Alleged  
Providence, Feb. 28.—An indictment charging unlawful use of the mails to defraud various persons was returned by the federal grand jury against John M. Peck. It is alleged that Peck, who was associated with Benjamin W. Comstock in a dry goods concern in this city, ordered goods through the mails when he knew he could not pay for them.

A Plea From Abroad  
Boston, Feb. 28.—A letter questioning the propriety of asking Bostonians for funds to aid "Cotton chapel," connected with St. Botolph, the parish church of Boston, Eng., has been received by Mayor Hibbard of this city from Mayor Wood of Boston, Eng. The letter was turned over to Bishop Lawrence.

Brothers Took Own Lives  
Sabattus, Me., Feb. 28.—Frank S. Sanborn of this place committed suicide by hanging. He was 55 years old. Despondency is said to have been the cause. About three years ago his brother committed suicide by cutting his throat.

## COULD NOT WALK FOR FOUR MONTHS

Mass of Itching, Burning Humor on Ankles—Feet Fearfully Swollen—Opates Alone Brought Sleep—Many Treatments Failed but

TORTURES OF ECZEMA YIELDED TO CUTICURA

"Cuticura Remedies are all you claim them to be. I had eczema for over two years. I had two physicians, but they only gave me relief for a short time and I cannot enumerate the ointments and lotions I used to no purpose. My ankles were one mass of sores. The itching and burning were so intense that I could not sleep. I could not walk for nearly four months. One day my husband said I had better try Cuticura Remedies. After using them three times, I had the best night's rest in months unless I took an opiate. I used one set of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent Pills, and my ankles healed in a short time. It is now a year since I used Cuticura, and there has been no return of the eczema."

"I had a small lump in the corner of my eye for over a year which was very painful and got larger all the time. I thought I would try Cuticura Soap and Ointment on it, and now it is gone. I am seventy-three years old and have lived on the farm I now occupy for twenty-seven years. Cuticura Remedies are the safest and most reliable I have ever used for all skin humors. Mrs. David Brown, Locke, Crawford Co., Ark., May 13 and July 13, 1907."

## DISFIGURED

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Of skin-tortured and disfigured victims of humors, eczemas, tetter, and rashes, who have tried and found wanting many remedies, and who have lost faith in all. To such Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills appeal with irresistible force. They are absolutely pure, sweet, gentle, and wholesome. They afford immediate relief in the most distressing cases, and point to a speedy cure when all else fails.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Eczema, Tetter, Itch, and all Skin Diseases. Cuticura Soap (25c.) to Cleanse the Skin. Cuticura Ointment (50c.) to Heal the Sores, and Cuticura Pills (50c.) to Purify the Blood. Cuticura Pills 25c. per box of 60 to Purify the Blood. Fine optical reports of all kinds. Cuticura Remedies, Boston, Mass. Sold by Druggists, Grocers, and all Dealers.

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If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, or if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co. are now on file at my office. Fine optical reports of all kinds. Consultations given personal attention.

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1-27 3:30 a. m.—8:30 p. m.

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TO RENT AT

## BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,

Real Estate Agent

## Cleared His Client.

"Every true lawyer will be loyal to his client above all things," said former Senator Stewart of Nevada. "I once heard that great lawyer, Senator Davis of Minnesota, say, 'When a man places his life in my hands there is some danger that I may go to the penitentiary, but there is no danger that he will hang.'"

"Senator Davis meant to convey the idea that he would resort to every conceivable means to save the life of any client who placed that life in his keeping. That was the principle which encompassed me when I was in criminal practice. Because I went to extremes in saving a man from the gallows I quit criminal practice."

"My last criminal case was a singular one. I was practicing law in Nevada and had achieved quite a reputation as a criminal lawyer by reason of several almost phenomenal successes, as luck would have it. The rougher element seemed to have confidence in me and to feel safe in placing their interests in my charge. Thus it happened that when a man named Ellis was arrested for killing a man named O'Brien, on a mining claim, a friend of Ellis came to me and paid me a retainer to defend Ellis. I accepted the retainer without making any inquiries as to details or particulars. I was busy with other matters."

"Just before the case came to trial I looked into it and found that the case against Ellis was a strong one. In fact, I did not see how Ellis was to have a ghost of a show for his life. I could find no plea on which to defend him. The community was prejudiced against him, and some of my best friends came to me and begged me not to defend him. But that made no difference to me. I had accepted the retainer, and I was Ellis' lawyer. It was my duty to save him, if possible. Consequently I told my friends that I was Ellis' lawyer and that I intended to clear him. For the life of me, I didn't know how, though."

"At trial day drew nigh, Ellis grew more and more nervous. He sent for me again and again to come and see him, but I persistently refused to do so. I felt that he was guilty. I believed that he would lie to me and confuse me. I stayed away from him and sent word that I would be on hand to defend him. He was obliged to be satisfied. No other lawyer would take his case. But I made a bluff of telling all over town that I was going to clear Ellis. Meanwhile I had been making desperate plans for my client."

"Only one year previous to the trial of Ellis a popular young Irishman named Barney had been convicted of murder on circumstantial evidence. Subsequently the real murderer was found and lynched. The case of poor unfortunate Barney was fresh in the minds of all, and the man who had been his attorney and had earnestly pleaded for his life was now the presiding judge. Moreover, the principal witness against my client Ellis had been the principal witness against poor Barney."

"There was another witness, who was afflicted with an impediment in his speech. When excited he would stutter and go through such contortions that nobody could understand anything that he said, and his gestures were the writings of an insane man. I had no witness for the defense, and had to clear my man with the witnesses for the prosecution."

"There had been a row on the mountain side, and the evidence showed that Ellis had murdered a man named O'Brien without provocation except that O'Brien had claimed prior right to the mine of which Ellis had taken possession. O'Brien had gone into the mountain to assert his claim, and Ellis had killed him in the presence of two witnesses."

"Well, when the time came for trial, Ellis set word to me that he wanted to talk to me in the courtroom, but I sent back word for him to keep his mouth shut and see me immediately after the trial was over. The poor devil sat in the dock and eyed me wistfully. I could see that he had confidence in me as a criminal lawyer who had never lost a case, but his life was at stake, and he was guessing hard. I allowed the prosecution to make out its case with its witnesses and offered no objection of any kind. I told them that I was busy and wanted to get through the trial as soon as possible and as soon as my client was acquitted must take up another case, involving a great deal of property. It was a bluff, of course, but a bluff sometimes beats a full hand."

"When my turn came I took the principal witness for the prosecution, and I went after him in this fashion: 'You are the man that swore away the life of poor Barney last year. His blood cries aloud for vengeance. We all know, everybody here knows, judge and jury and all the people know, that you swore away the life of that poor boy when he was innocent. You seem to make it your business to testify in such cases. You evidently like to place yourself in a position where you can swear away human lives. Everybody knows that poor Barney was here in Nevada, and his aged mother weeping in Ireland, when you swore against him, and he was hanged altogether on your testimony. I don't know what you have against Ellis here, but of course you have some grudge.'"

"Here the prosecuting attorney properly interfered and demanded that the witness be protected from insult, but the judge ruled that the man who swore away the life of poor Barney deserved no protection. That decision had an immediate effect upon the jury, and I could see it. I was not defending Ellis directly, but I was successfully prejudicing the minds of the jury against this witness. I kept on abusing him and finally compelled him to admit to judge and jury that he had been mistaken in the Barney case the preceding year. Then I taunted and shouted:

"How dare you come into this court to swear away another human life? How dare you appear before a jury of intelligent men, all of whom know of the Barney case? You admit that you were mistaken in the Barney case and your testimony hanged that unhappy lad. You are also mistaken in this case unless you are perjurying yourself. But you can't hang Ellis with your prejudiced testimony. I thank God that the people of Nevada did not mob you last year, and I hope that they will not lynch you now, but you had better get out of this community as soon as you can or I will not vouch for your worthless life. Get off the witness stand and get out of my sight! He disappeared. He was in a hurry to get out of the room. He was almost scared to death, and the jury could see that, too. While he was getting out of the room I called for the other witness, and he came to the stand in a nervous, trembling manner, which indicated that I already had him scared almost to death. He was very much excited and evidently expected me to

go after him as I had gone after the other witness. He could scarcely maintain his name, and this is what I did to him:

"You saw O'Brien, the dead man, raise a shovel and try to kill Ellis here. You saw Ellis run away from him. You saw O'Brien run after Ellis clear to the edge of the pit. Your own eyes witnessed the fact that Ellis did not draw his gun until he was about to be brained and knocked into the pit. Now, tell the jury the truth without any hesitation or quibbling. Out with it!"

"The poor fellow began to stutter and stammer and shake his head. He raised his arms and waved them about his head. He stammered and finally put his hands to his eyes, tears of vexation flowing, and then I shouted:

"Tears will not avail you. Let your conscience work. You know the truth, and you know that this deed was done in self defense. Tell the truth or get off the stand!"

"He got off the stand. The jury did not know that he was a stutterer. They saw only that the witness was stricken dumb before a determined attorney, and they saw from his tears that he was regretting his direct testimony. My case was won. It took less than five minutes for the jury to render a verdict of not guilty."

"As soon as the verdict had been rendered Ellis came to me and asked if his life was saved, and I replied: 'Your life is safe for just about ten minutes. These people are now going to the station, and as soon as their whetted knives expect they will come here and run you up on a rope. While they drinking you must scot up the mountain side and disappear. Now get out as fast as your legs will carry you.'"

"No man ever blundered up a mountain side with more expedition than Ellis did that morning. He disappeared in the brush, and nobody ever saw him again in those diggings. I got on my horse and also disappeared, as I did not know what the mob might be tempted to do when they failed to find Ellis. Of course, after they cooled down, none of them blamed me for saving my client, although they were all satisfied that he was guilty. Even the jury men told me afterward that they did not see how they ever acquitted him."

"That was my last case in criminal practice. I declared that I would never again take the case of any man charged with murder. I felt that I had done my duty as a lawyer and had saved the life of a client who trusted that life to me, but I was deeply impressed with the belief that I could not do it again under any circumstances. So I quit criminal practice and went into politics. But I had not seen the last of Ellis. I had dismissed him from my mind entirely, but ten or twelve years afterward I was in San Francisco City participating in a public meeting. Late at night I was walking to my hotel when a man rushed out of a little alley, handed me a purse of money and said: 'Take it, it's yours. You earned more, but that is all I have now. You saved my life. I'm Ellis.'"

"With that he disappeared, and I have never seen or heard of him since. All of the circumstances were against him, and yet maybe he was innocent. A man who will go out of his way to pay a debt as Ellis did must have some good qualities to him. In the purse I found the neat sum of \$750, which must have represented his savings for a long time. I presume that he had been watching my movements and followed me on that occasion in order to pay for my services and let me know that he realized something of their value to him. Whether he was innocent or not I did my plain duty in defending him. No other course would have saved him from hanging, and it was well for him that he got out of sight as quickly as he did. Those were strenuous days in the mining regions. If Ellis is alive he will not blame me for telling the story. If he was innocent, he will be glad to have it told."—Smith D. Fry in Los Angeles Times.

## FLEET ANIMALS.

The Wonderful Speed Developed by the Greyhound.

Representations of the greyhound appear upon sculptures over 3,000 years old. There is no doubt that it is one of the very oldest fixed types of dog and the most universal in its distribution. India, Arabia, Persia, are among the countries that for ages past had the greyhound. Lately there was exhibited in England a greyhound from Afghanistan—a shaggy form suited to that mountain land. Of course these dogs are not all exactly greyhounds in the western sense, but they are essentially the same in type: they are "gazehounds," long legged, light built dogs, bred to run their game by sight and not by scent and to overtake it not by wearing it down, but by sheer speed and skill of running. How this type was evolved affords much interesting speculation.

"A greyhound is probably the fastest creature that moves upon the earth," says a breeder of those animals. "It is on record that a greyhound beat the famous race horse Flying Childers. An absolute trial between horse and greyhound is difficult to bring off, because, while the horse can be ridden at top speed, it is impossible to insure that the greyhound will run 'all he can.' But a dog that can start, say, fifty yards behind a hare and overtake it within another fifty, and this is about what a greyhound does, must surely be faster than anything else that lives or has his parallel only among the birds."

The same writer says of greyhound courting: "One used to hear that it was a 'politic' not a 'gentleman's' sport. But I have heard men who follow both declare that they prefer courting to racing, and I can quite understand it. In courting there is the absolute certainty that all is above suspicion of anything 'shady.' Every time a dog is run he is honestly run to win or divide the stakes. You cannot 'pull' a greyhound."—Chicago News.

## Giving Quickly.

"See me next week about it."

"But he who gives quickly gives twice."

"That's just the point. I don't care to be held up later for a second subscription."—Pittsburg Post.

## His Opportunity.

He—I'm going to bring Jolt home with me to dinner tonight. She—Oh, mercy, dear, don't! It's the cook's day out, and I'll have to cook dinner. He—Never mind; I owe Jolt one anyway.—Exchange.

## "At Prayers" and a Seat.

The scramble for seats in the house of commons is regulated by certain rules. A member present at prayers has a right to the place he then occupies until the rising of the house. Each evening stands absolutely independent and by itself, and therefore the title to a seat secured by attendance at prayer lapses at the termination of the sitting. On the table in a little box is a supply of small white cards with the words "At prayers" in large old English letters. Obtaining one of these cards and writing his name on it under the words "At prayers," the member slips it into a receptacle in the bench at the back of the seat and thus secures the place for the night against all comers. He may immediately leave the house and remain away as long as he pleases. The place may be occupied by another member in the meantime, but when ever the master of the seat, the gentleman whose autograph is written on the card in the little brass slip, returns to the chamber the temporary occupant of the seat must give place to him.

## He Tamed the Princess.

William the Conqueror when he was only the Duke of Normandy had fallen in love with the Princess Mathilde of Flanders. She was proud and haughty and had refused the noble lovers who were anxious to win her hand. The wily Norman studied her character carefully and when he had nipped out his plan of campaign rode into the town one day when she, at the head of a party, was going from church. He sprang from his horse by her side, boxed her ears soundly, pulled her off her steed, rolled her vigorously in the mud, told her that he loved her and rode away. The astonished princess was infuriated and swore all kinds of vengeance. After her rage cooled down, however, she said to her father that upon reflection she had come to the conclusion that the only man who could treat Mathilde of Flanders in that manner should be her husband. They were married, and the union turned out to be one of the happiest marriages in the history of royalty.

## The Prophetic Gift.

That there are persons today who possess the somewhat uncanny gift of being able to predict future events is probably true. The wife of the late Sir Richard Burton, the famous traveler and linguist, not to mention other instances of her weird gift, announced the very first time she saw Burton, at the time a perfect stranger whom she had met quite casually, that he would be her husband. At the present moment, too, there is said to be a man who has manifested such an extraordinary faculty of predicting things, that are about to take place that a number of medical men have purchased the reversion of his brain in order that they may examine that organ after death to see if it shows any special development to account for his wonderful gift.—Grand Magazine.

## A Came In Defense.

"If you want to keep off holdup men," said an old detective to the observer, "carry a cane. A holdup man is more afraid of a cane than he is of a revolver. He's deathly afraid that the man carrying it will jab it in his face or eyes or get the end of it in his mouth. On this account they're just as much afraid of a small light stick as they are of a heavy one. There are so many different ways of using a cane that a man doesn't know just which way to guard against it. And any man can use it. Nine men out of ten who carry revolvers couldn't hit the side of a barn with them, and the 'holdups' know it, but it doesn't take any skill or practice to learn to slung away with a walking stick."—Columbus Dispatch.

## HIS FIRST THOUGHT.

President McKinley's Devotion to His Invalid Wife.

In the early days of the Spanish war Mr. McKinley and Mark Hanna were engaged in a close and serious evening conference in the president's room. The time ran along to the hour of 9. Suddenly those busy in the outer room saw President McKinley rise and leave the apartment, saying, "Wait a few moments, Mark." He was gone about twenty minutes. In the meantime Senator Hanna walked restlessly between the two rooms, speaking a word or two to the secretaries and showing plainly that he shared with the president a feeling of deep anxiety as to the outcome of the military proceedings. He remarked on the fact of great shortage of supplies and from his words and bearing revealed to the assembled few in that outer room that the president and his closest advisers were lying awake nights and working to make up for the deficiencies of the military situation.

When the president returned he and Senator Hanna resumed their anxious consultation. Then the president's secretary remarked to one who was near him:

"I suppose you wonder why President McKinley got up so suddenly and left without a word to any one. You saw how anxious he was about the military situation. Even that would not cause him to break away from what has come to be the custom of his early evening."

"About the same time every night, when he hears a signal from the other side, he knows that Mrs. McKinley is ready to retire and wishes to see him. No matter how busy he may be or how deeply engaged in any subject, he invariably drops everything on the instant and goes to their own apartments. There he sits by the bedside and reads a chapter in the Bible to Mrs. McKinley. Then he waits a few moments until she is quiet, slips back to the door, comes over here to the office and without a word takes up the thread of his work and keeps it up until toward midnight."—Chicago Tribune.

## CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

## A BURGLAR'S STORY.

Told by an English Thief in the Language of Thieves.

Some time ago there appeared a somewhat curious book, "The Autobiography of a Thief in Thieves' Language." A glossary is provided for the benefit of those whose unfortunate ignorance of the predatory classes may render such aid necessary.

From one of the anecdotes related it appears that honor among thieves is not always to be found. "One day," says the writer, "I went to Croydon and touched for a red top (gold watch) and red tackle (gold chain) with a large lock. So I took the rather lame at once. When I got into Shorelitch I met one or two of the mob, who said: 'Hello! Been out today? Did you touch?'"

"So I said 'Usher' (yes). So I took them in, and we all got canon. When I went to the fence he tested (cheated) me because I was drunk and only gave 18-6 for it. So the next day I went to him, and I asked him if he was not going to grease my duke (put money into my hand).

"So he said 'No.' Then he said, 'I will give you another half a quid,' and said, 'Do as you like, but mind they don't do you.'"

"So I thought to myself, 'All right, my lad, you will find me as good as my master,' and left him. Some time after that affair with the fence one of the mob's said to me:

"I have got a place cut and dried. Will you come and do it?"

"So I said: 'Yes. What tools will you want?'"

"And he said, 'We shall want some twirls and the slick (crowbar), and bring a Nettle (life preserver) with you.' And he said, 'Now don't stick me up (disappoint); meet me at 6 to-night.'"

"At 6 I was at the meet (trysting place), and while waiting for my pal I had my daisies cleaned, and I piped the fence that bested me go along with his old woman (wife) and his two kids (children), so I thought of his own words, 'Do anybody, but mind they don't do you.'"

"He was going to the Lyceum theater, so when my pal came up I told him all about it. So we went and snored (droke into) his place and got thirty-two quid and a toy and tackle which he had bought on the crook (dishonestly). A day or two after this I met the fence who I'd done, so he said to me, 'We have met at last!'"

"So I said, 'Well, what of that?'"

"So he said, 'What do you want to do me for?'"

"So I said, 'You must remember you done me, and when I spoke to you about it you said, 'Do anybody, but mind they don't do you.' That shut him up."—London Tit-Bits.

## A Witty Irish Judge.

Mr. Doherty, who was chief justice of the Irish court of common pleas from 1830 till his death in 1846, was famed for his wit. The gossip in the hall of the four courts, which of course reached the bench, was that one of the judges had been somewhat excited by wine at an entertainment in Dublin castle on the previous evening. "Is it true," the chief justice was asked, "that Judge ———— danced at the castle ball last night?" "Well," replied Doherty, "I certainly can say that I saw him in a reel."

"As I came along the quay," remarked one of the officers of the court whose face was remarkably hatched shaped, "the wind was cutting my face." "Upon my honor," replied the chief justice, "I think the wind had the worst of it."—London Law Notes.

## THE WATERMELON.

Africa is the Original Home of This Luscious Fruit.

The humorists always associate the African with the watermelon, assuming that the taste of the colored man for his favorite dainty arises from his life in the southern states, where the melon vine grows like a weed.

As a fact, however, the African taste for the watermelon is hereditary. The vine is a native of Africa, where it is found wild in the great central plains of the continent, and has also been cultivated for many ages.

In Egypt the melons grown along the Nile rival those of southeastern Missouri.

The melons mentioned by the Israelites as being among the good things they had in Egypt were undoubtedly watermelons, for in the wall paintings about the time of the exodus the melon vine is represented, and in one case a long procession of slaves is depicted, each bearing on his shoulder a huge dark green watermelon.

Botanists say that varieties of the melon are found in southern Asia, and some even claim that the plant grows wild in central and South Africa, but Africa is no doubt the original home of the melon, and in his preference over every other kind of vegetable or fruit the African merely displays a taste that has become fixed in his race by thousands of years of indulgence, for in central Africa ripe watermelons are to be had every month in the year.

## The Statue of Liberty.

"I wonder if local machiners appreciate the option Union which the statue of Liberty presents to a man arriving in this port for the first time," said the skipper of an East Indian tramp, who a few days before had entered New York harbor upon his first voyage here. "I saw the statue before I got to the Narrows, and it seemed as if it were just about where quarantine is. Later the thing seemed about as near the Kill von Kull. It kept getting further and further away, until I finally wondered whether I should ever bring it aboard. I suppose its great height accounts for this."—New York Post.

## Priest's Orders.

An actor named Priest was playing at one of the principal theaters in London. Some one remarked at the Garrick club that there were a great many men in the pit every evening. "Probably clerics who have taken Priest's orders," said Mr. Poole, one of the best punsters as well as one of the cleverest comic satirists of the day. —London Telegraph.

## CASTORIA

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## A Congressman Reminiscent.

While the House was enjoying the lethargy of general debate in committee of the whole on the state of the Union one day recently, chairman Lawrence fell into a reminiscence mood.

"This thing," he said, "reminds me of Sam Powers' first speech in the house. He had got control of half an hour on an occasion like this and struggled through an expression of his opinions on the state of the Union at that time. He was a good deal of a philosopher as well as a man of wit, and he came up to the desk—I was in the chair—and said, interrogatively: 'I think I got along pretty well?'"

"First rate," I replied.

"There were eleven members when I began, and I lost only three of them."

"Thackeray was not a vain man, and he disliked vanity in others and made it the subject of his ridicule and sarcasm."

After long pleading his family induced him to have his portrait painted and Lawrence, a famous London artist, gladly undertook the task.

Soon after the picture was completed Thackeray chanced to be dining at his club when a pompous officer of the guards stopped beside the table and said:

"How, Thackeray, old boy, I hear Lawrence has been painting your portrait."

"So he has," was the response.

"Full length?"

"No; full length portraits are for soldiers, that we may see their spurs. But the other end of the man is the principal thing with authors," said Thackeray.

"I hear you have been hunting. Any luck?"

"Yes. Only one man mistook me for a rabbit, and he was a poor shot."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mrs. Black—Nothing that mother eats agrees with her.

Black—Food seems to have human intelligence.—Town Topics.

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"Hear the story of the shabby building?"

"Nope. What is it?"

"Oh, there's no foundation to it."—Pioneer Press.





## Historical and Genealogical.

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In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:

1. Names and dates must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
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4. Write on one side of the paper only.
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6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature.

Direct all communications to—  
Miss E. M. TILLEY,  
Newport Historical Rooms,  
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1908.

## NOTES.

**CLARKE**—Jeremiah Clarke, of Newport, R. I., born —, died Jan. 1852, married Frances Dungan, widow of William, and daughter of Lewis Latham. She came to America with him. He was admitted an inhabitant of the Island of Aquidneck, 1835, and Ap. 28, 1839, he and eight others signed the compact preparatory to the settlement of Portsmouth, R. I. He was Treasurer, 1839, Constable, 1839-40; Freeman, 1841; Lieutenant, 1842; Captain, 1844, Treasurer for the town of Newport, 1844-45-46-47; Treasurer for the town of the Colony, 1847-48-49; Assistant, 1848; President Regent, acting as Governor, 1848. The Friends' records have the following notice of his death: "Jeremiah Clarke, one of the first English Planters of Rhode Island, he died at Newport in said Island and was buried in the tomb that stands by the street by the water side in Newport, upon the — day of the 11 mo., 1852." His son, James Clarke, born 1849, died December 1, 1886, married Hope, daughter of Nicholas and Jane Power. He was of Newport, R. I., and in 1893-1894-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13, he was sealer of weights and measures. In 1791 he was ordained pastor of the Second Baptist Church, and held the office till his death. James Clark, Newport, deceased to his son-in-law, James Brown, land in Newport, Sept. 30, 1782. James Brown, of Newport, Merchant, deceased land to Jonathan Clarke, son of James. No date. He also, with his wife, Ann, deceased land to Jonathan Clarke, Mar. 31, 1781, recorded Jan. 14, 1780. His daughter

Ann Clarke, md. James Brown, son of James. — A. S.  
Thomas Stanton, of Stonington, Conn., came to this country in 1636 and became prominent as an Indian Interpreter. Went to Stonington, 1655. In 1638 he was appointed Interpreter General of New England; and the same year he was appointed by the Massachusetts Gen. Court, "as one of the persons to order the prudential affairs thereof." He was Deputy for Stonington, 1665 to 1676. He married, at Hartford, 1637, Anna Lord, daughter of Dr. Thomas and Dorothy Lord. His daughter

Dorothy Stanton, born 1651, died Jan. 19, 1743, married Rev. James Noyes.

**SANFORD**—John Sanford, born —, died 1633, married for his second wife, Bridget Hutchinson, according to Austin's Dictionary, daughter of — and Susanna Hutchinson. Casey, in an article on the Hutchinson family, says that Bridget was daughter of William, son of Susanna, a widow of Alvord, England; who came to this country in 1638. John Sanford was freeman in 1632. In 1634 he was canoeer for the fort at Boston, having already served two years at said fort. Mar. 7, 1638, he was at Portsmouth, R. I. He was Constable, 1640; freeman, 1641; Lieutenant, 1643; Assistant, 1647-9; President of Portsmouth and Newport, 1653. His will was dated June 22, 1653, proved 1653. His son

**Peleg Sanford**, born May 10, 1639, died 1701, married for his second wife, Mary Coddington, of William and Ann (H—) Coddington. He was of Newport, R. I., July 24, 1667, he was Capt. of a Troop of Horse; Assistant, 1667-68-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-00-01-02-03-04-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-7